HARPER'S WEEKLY.

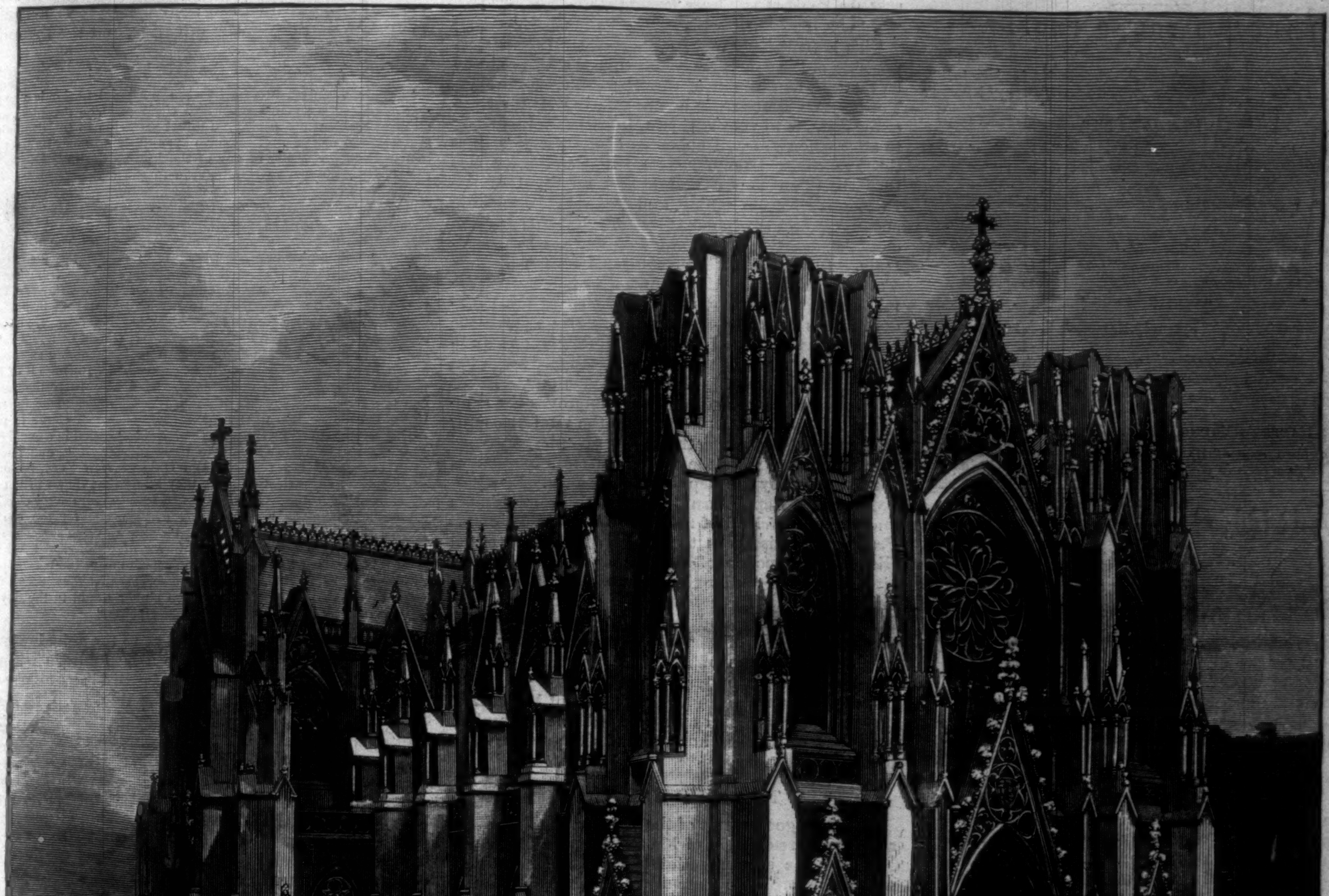
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XXIX.—No. 1505.

Copyright, 1885, by HARPER & BROTHERS.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1885.

TEN CENTS A COPY.
$4.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.



THE DEAD CARDINAL—SCENE IN FRONT OF THE CATHEDRAL ON FIFTH AVENUE.—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM.—[SEE PAGE 695.]

FRAUD.

Messrs. Harper & Brothers are informed that persons falsely representing themselves to be agents for Harper's Periodicals are soliciting subscriptions to Harper's Weekly, Harper's Magazine, Harper's Bazar, and Harper's Young People, at unauthorized rates, giving receipts in the name of Harper & Brothers.

To prevent the loss of money by such misrepresentations, it is requested that, in purchasing from parties assuming to represent Harper & Brothers, payment be made by Bank Draft or Post-office Money-Order, payable to the order of Harper & Brothers, New York.

"Harper's Young People threatens to carry the heads of young England by storm."—*Sheffield Daily Telegraph.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

An Illustrated Weekly.

Rich and attractive though the current number is, there is little doubt that what will win the most favor will be the story by Barnet Phillips, *entitled*

"DUMDAWDLE,"

with its mirth-provoking exaggeration and ridiculous fancies. In the four illustrations which accompany it Mr. Weldon *has admirably caught the spirit of* Mr. Phillips's *fun.*

In the article "Tom Fairweather at Bombay," Lieutenant Sturdy, *of the United States Navy, brings his young traveller into Asia on his voyage around the world.*

Miss Sarah Cooper's *article on "Limpets and Land Snails" is supplementary to her recent article on "Gasteropods."*

The principal illustration is a full-page engraving, entitled

"THE SISTERS."

It is accompanied by a little poem by Margaret E. Sangster, *full of tender sentiment.*

The front-page illustration is engraved after a drawing by J. Carter Beard. *A page for the younger readers is by* Miss M. L. D. Watson, *illustrating some pretty jingles.*

Harper's Young People, $2 00 per Year.

A specimen copy of Harper's Young People *will be sent on receipt of four cents in postage stamps.*

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

New York, Saturday, October 24, 1885.

THE SITUATION IN NEW YORK.

THE situation in New York has not changed materially since our last issue. Indeed, no canvass was ever more clearly defined from the moment that the nominations were made. A great deal of the public discussion is merely perfunctory, especially upon the Democratic side, where the argument is that the defeat of Governor **Hill** would be the rebuke of the President. Every intelligent voter in New York knows that this is not true. But the earnestness with which this view is pressed shows the consciousness that approval of the President is felt to be the vital point of the contest. Naturally, therefore, the friends of Governor **Hill** conceal their position, and avoid conducting their canvass upon its true line, which is opposition to the reform policy of the President. They do not dare to say frankly: "We are Democrats, but not **Cleveland** Democrats. We think that his policy of retaining until the end of their terms competent and honest Republicans who do not politically misuse their offices is sentimental folly. We think that he ought to turn out all Republicans because they are Republicans, and fill their places with Democrats because they are Democrats. This is our position as shown by the men and the influences that controlled our Convention, and by the papers which most strenuously support our nominations. But we don't proclaim it, because it would repel some sentimental Democrats who approve the President's course. If, however, we succeed, we shall tell the President and all other Democratic sentimentalists that the party has spoken, and they must conform or take the consequences. Let the President insist upon a course which will break up the Democratic party if he dares."

No intelligent voter in New York is deceived. We recently said that the *Staats-Zeitung*, the chief German journal in the country, which has been considered a Democratic paper, had protested against the nomination of **Hill**. We add that no journal has stated the situation in New York more comprehensively and sagaciously, and none forecasts more clearly the tendency of events. The *Staats-Zeitung* says plainly:

> "In the present case the control of the Democratic party by its worst elements is clearly established, without any doubt, and it is also clear that, as regards our city, the election of **Hill** would be a new victory for Tammany and Irving Hall. The independent Democrats will therefore do all they conscientiously can to bring about the defeat of **Hill**."

Alluding to our remark, the *Staats-Zeitung* says that it "is not a Democratic, but an entirely independent, journal." It prefers the Democratic view of the tariff and liquor questions, and its greater freedom from monopolies, but on the question of the currency it prefers the Republican view, while the Democratic party has no policy of civil service reform with which the *Staats-Zeitung* can identify itself. It then says, more distinctly than has yet been said elsewhere:

> "We believe that the break in the Democratic party will come during **Cleveland**'s administration, and it seems to us that the President's forced expression of loyalty [to the **Hill** nomination] can not defer it. We believe in the necessity of reorganizing for a new party, and we have felt for some time that we were no longer at home in the Democratic party."

This shows conclusively, what has been long evident to quiet observers, that the President's party as a party does not sustain him, and that Mr. **Davenport** is perfectly justified in saying in his letter of acceptance:

> "The experience of seven months would seem to show that, no matter how well disposed the President of the United States may be toward civil service reform, or even how determined he may be to promote it, he can not in this command the support of the party which stands arrayed in opposition to ourselves. Every day adds to the proof that the least worthy and the apparently controlling elements of that party are resolved to thwart every movement the President may make toward any enforcement in good faith of the policy to which he stands committed."

This is truthfully and forcibly said. It is the expression of the general conviction, and whatever may be thought or said out of the State, there is no New-Yorker who is not fully aware that to vote for Governor **Hill** is to vote against reform, and immensely to strengthen the evil elements of his party against the President. In no Democratic Convention has there been an honest and hearty approval of the President's reform policy, and the real Democratic enthusiasm every where has been for the reform which consists merely in replacing Republicans by Democrats. In this situation every good citizen in New York, Republican or Democrat, who believes in administrative reform will desire to sustain the President in his courageous stand for reform against the baser forces of his party. There is no present way in which every such citizen can so effectively serve the good cause as by voting for Mr. **Davenport**. In his admirable letter of acceptance he approves the summary of Republican opinion upon the vital questions of the time, but nothing that he says can be construed into sympathy with the wholesale denunciation of the President by the Republican platform. Mr. **Davenport** is a Republican, but he is also a gentleman and a sincere friend of reform, and he speaks of the President precisely as the President's Independent friends have spoken of him, as exposed to the most bitter and unscrupulous hostility of what the *Staats-Zeitung* calls "the worst elements" of his party. There is no man so ludicrously stupid as to imagine that the success of Mr. **Hill** and Tammany Hall would be a triumph of reform, or progress, or political honesty, or economy, while the election of Mr. **Davenport** would be hailed, like that of Mr. **Cleveland** himself in 1882, as not so much the triumph of a party as of political honesty and the purpose of reform.

THE OHIO ELECTION.

It is one good result of the election in Ohio that it secures the re-election of Mr. **Sherman** to the Senate. No man has been mentioned upon the Democratic side as his probable successor who could have filled his place. Mr. **Sherman** is not, indeed, a progressive or courageous leader. Upon one of the chief issues of the time, and one with which the Republican party must more and more closely identify itself if it hopes to recover its ascendency—that of administrative reform—Mr. **Sherman** is skeptical and indifferent. But there are few men of greater familiarity with public affairs, of larger public experience, or more various and desirable qualifications for public life. He is, in fact, one of the few well-trained American statesmen. His re-election is the chief result of the Ohio contest. The returns show that the Democratic party has not gained strength, and if, despite the corruption which is said to have prevailed in certain quarters, the result of the election may be interpreted as a verdict upon Governor **Hoadly**'s administration, that administration has been condemned. The canvass was long, and upon the Republican side it was largely conducted upon the general issues between the parties and upon the traditional distrust of the Democracy. The Democratic tactics were meant to win "the liquor vote" by forcing the Republicans into a virtually prohibitory position. Upon this question there was frankness upon neither side. But viewed as a whole the election must be considered as strong proof that the course of the Administration has not removed the profound distrust of the Administration party. The policy of the President himself has been of little avail in affecting the result, both because of the want of general Democratic support of his policy, and of the singular lack in Ohio of interest in the question of reform. The Republican platform asserted sound reform principles, but neither Mr. **Sherman** nor Mr. **Foraker** laid any stress upon the subject.

Had the President's policy been known to be heartily supported by his party, so that the Democratic cause could have been distinctly that which the President's course expresses, the result as between the two parties would have been more decisive and satisfactory. But it can not be said that in the actual situation Democratic success was to be desired, because the real significance of Democratic dominance, while the sharp dissensions within the party continue, is still obscure. Certainly nothing would have been gained by giving Mr. **Sherman** a Democratic successor.

THE PRESIDENT'S GOOD FAITH.

Those who are disposed to believe the partisan assertions that the President is a hypocritical pretender in reform may profitably ponder the following passage from a Washington letter to the New York *World*—a Democratic journal which is an exceedingly mild supporter of the President. The change here indicated is not less than a revolution, and the New York reader should remember that a vote for Governor **Hill** is a vote to restore the old system. If **Hubbell** is banished from the departments, and if the clerks of the government know that their own good conduct, and not the turn of an election in New York or Ohio, will secure their places, it is a result due to the patriotism, the integrity, and the firmness of **Grover Cleveland**.

The correspondent of the *World* says:

> "For the first time in twenty years the Administration is a negative influence in a pending political election. The President and all of his cabinet are paying no direct attention to the campaign in New York or Ohio. They have apparently no more interest in it than have the heads of any of the leading business houses of the country. In the past the clerks in the various departments have always been stirred up to a fever heat during every campaign. The chiefs of the bureaus from the States where the contest has been going on have generally had from four to six weeks' vacation for the purpose of making stump-speeches. The more numerous the stump-speeches, the more faithful was the official considered. Every year the clerks have been assessed from five to ten per cent. of their annual salaries for campaign funds. This year they have no assessments to pay in the way of insurance, while the majority of the bureau officers are Republicans, and are therefore kept very close to their desks. It should be noted, however, that the Democratic bureau officials are remaining as closely in Washington as their Republican associates. During all of the previous campaigns the departments have also been the headquarters for the preparation of political pamphlets and documents. It has been a custom to employ large numbers of clerks in preparing statistics or in writing out material to be used in campaigns. Now the clerks are attending to their regular work, and few of them even read the reports from Ohio or New York, because, whichever way the election goes, they know that they will not be affected by the result. During the last twenty years every election season has involved a long agony of suspense for the clerks. During the last week prior to the election day the departments would be fairly paralyzed in their terror of waiting. They have been told so often that Democratic success meant the peremptory discharge of every Republican in the service that they looked forward to election day as the average sinner would to the day of judgment, if he knew just when it was coming."

This is a Democratic witness as to the actual reform in the departments. We cite a Republican witness to the same fact, a gentleman of the highest character and strongest Republicanism, the Rev. Dr. J. E. **Rankin**, who was recently a Presbyterian pastor in Washington. In a striking article in the *Advance*, Dr. **Rankin** quotes the Rev. Dr. **Noble**, who was settled in Washington in **Jackson**'s time, and who said that **Jackson** destroyed every Protestant church in the city by forcing the old public clerks and employés to flee the city for a livelihood. Dr. **Rankin**, we presume, voted for Mr. **Blaine**. But after saying that under Mr. **Cleveland** the most radical church in Washington has not by political changes lost half a dozen members, he adds:

> "There is not a reasonable Republican there who believes the situation would have been so favorable had his own party been successful in the last campaign."

Dr. **Rankin** in a few plain words describes the whole system of "influence," upon which alone, and not upon character, service, fidelity, or industry, the place of every clerk depended—a system which necessarily ruined the self-respect of the clerk, and which in the case of women was often most demoralizing and degrading. He concludes his trenchant and serviceable article by saying—and we commend his words also to those who insist that a man who was never accused of insincerity or cowardice before has suddenly become a pusillanimous hypocrite by becoming President:

> "As a Republican, and one who for fifteen years in Washington watched the workings of the spoils system as administered by the Republican party, I want to give my testimony from what I know of my recent charge, and from what I have learned by conversation with Washington ministers, that whatever the Democratic party intended, President **Cleveland** is doing in Washington almost the opposite done by President **Jackson**."

THE MOHAWK CONFERENCE.

The resolutions reported to the Conference at Lake Mohawk of the friends of the Indian are radical and complete. Their demand is as peremptory as the immediate emancipation of the Garrisonian abolitionists fifty years ago. As first reported they proposed immediate admission of the Indian to "all the rights, privileges, and immunities of citizenship, including suffrage." But this was changed to "early admission." The scheme unanimously adopted includes immediate allotment of land in severalty, with titles inalienable for a term of years; the purchase of all unallotted land by the United States, and the immediate opening of it to settlers; the reservation of the purchase-money for the benefit of the Indians; modification of all Indian treaties incompatible with this arrangement; reasonable efforts to secure Indian consent to the policy, but in any case the execution of the policy with scrupulous regard to their highest interests; a system of guardianship for wholly wild Indians; the maintenance of the agencies in some form for the benefit of the Indians; enlargement of the system of education; and unalterable opposition to massing Indians upon reservations.

This is a definite and thorough Indian policy, and that it should be proposed by so important a body is a significant sign. It shows how completely the public mind is aroused upon the subject, and it marks undoubtedly the beginning of a general movement for which the Indian Rights Association has been ripening and stimulating the public mind. The number of Indians is computed at three hundred thousand, and there will be some astonishment at the proposition to hasten to make fellow-voters of the Apaches and Modocs. Yet they are probably as fitted for citizenship as the old field negroes in the Southern States. General ARMSTRONG, one of the most sagacious and experienced friends of the Indians, and the head of the Hampton school, strenuously opposed the proposal of immediate citizenship, which he thought utterly inadmissible, and there is probably no man in the country whose opinion upon such a point is entitled to more respect. But the modified form of this resolution was approved by the General.

Mr. JOHN H. OBERLY, superintendent of Indian schools under Secretary LAMAR, made a speech in which he stated the general course that he intended to pursue, and which is founded upon the principle of total separation of the work of Indian education from politics. This is obviously a most sensible plan, but the report must do the superintendent great injustice, for it represents him as saying in the same breath with this excellent remark that whenever a vacancy occurs legitimately, he intends to fill it with a competent Democrat. If the work is to be entirely separated from politics, this is the very thing that he ought not to do. What has a man's "Democracy" to do with his competency as a teacher? The Mohawk Conference is an important public event, and we may fairly anticipate good Indian legislation next winter.

CARDINAL McCLOSKEY.

THE general kindly feeling toward Cardinal McCLOSKEY in this community was like that of Boston toward Bishop CHEVERUS half a century ago. That mild and benignant prelate was greatly beloved, and Dr. CHANNING, then the extremest of Protestant dissenters, always spoke of him with respect and affection. Bishop HUGHES was too active a politician, too polemical a prelate, to excite the regard which was cherished for the gentle and courteous ecclesiastic who has just died.

Cardinal McCLOSKEY was a man of sincere and profound religious convictions, and he early decided to consecrate himself to the religious life. To that life his devotion has been unwavering, and both in New York and Albany his services to his Church were very great. He had two eminent qualifications for high preferment—an urbane and conciliatory temper, and remarkable administrative efficiency. He was Bishop of Albany while still a young man, and he built up his charge into a powerful and well-ordered diocese.

His active career was contemporaneous with the chief growth and development of his Church in this country. But in its occasional controversies with the general public conviction the Cardinal was never unpleasantly conspicuous, yet the interests committed to him did not suffer in his hands. His career also was contemporaneous with the growth, and we are disposed to think with the decline, of apprehension arising from the increase of his Church. The policy of Rome is, indeed, an untiring policy. But it is always determined by circumstances and by high expediency. It was never known to thwart a strong national tendency, but rather to seek to control it. The general expression of public feeling at the death of the Cardinal, the prayers and sympathy and praises of clergymen of Protestant Churches, the lull of sectarian jealousy, and the universal regard for the good man under the ecclesiastic, were not only a beautiful tribute to the memory of a faithful and consecrated life, but a pleasant sign of that truly catholic spirit which, as in WESLEY'S apologue, sees only the soul and not the garment.

A WELCOME VOICE FROM THE SOUTH.

THE New Orleans *Picayune*, a Democratic journal, makes a clear and cogent plea for the repeal of the four years law, which the Massachusetts Republican Convention demands, and which the Pennsylvania Republican Convention opposes, but which the National Reform League warmly urges. The *Picayune* says:

> "It is not in accordance with the principles of true civil service; these require that a good and efficient officer shall be retained, and a bad and inefficient one displaced, without reference to the length of his service."

That is simple common-sense. But the *Picayune* is mistaken in supposing that the four years term prevents the President from making changes. The power of removal is absolutely unimpaired by the reform law, and the President can remove any officer of his appointment, except the Judges, whatever his term. He can replace him, however, only with the consent of the Senate. It has been the practice of the Senate to authorize removals by confirming successors except for personal reasons, which, however, do not question the power to remove. There is some wonder whether the Senate will change its general practice at the next session.

The article in the *Picayune* is an illustration of the fact that the sincerest support which the President's reform policy has received from his own party has been in the Southern States. In Texas, Georgia, South Carolina, Louisiana, and Florida an honest Democratic voice for reform has been heard. This is not surprising when it is remembered that the Confederate Constitution required that, except in the case of the Cabinet, the reasons for every proposed removal should be submitted to the Senate. So much had been learned from experience of the spoils system.

MR. EATON'S SUCCESSOR.

IF the report that Colonel CHARLES R. CODMAN, of Boston, is to succeed Mr. DORMAN B. EATON upon the Civil Service Commission shall prove to be correct, the appointment will be altogether satisfactory to the most earnest friends of reform, and another conclusive proof of the President's intelligent and unfaltering fidelity.

Colonel CODMAN is a man of qualities not unlike those most characteristic of the President. He is thoroughly independent and courageous, a man of strong convictions and persistence, and of the soundest good sense and judgment. He is an early and fast friend of reform, a man of signal ability and sagacity, and the President could have no better, because absolutely disinterested, adviser. Like the President, Colonel CODMAN is a positive man, and his appointment would be exceedingly distasteful to the meaner kind of politicians.

Colonel CODMAN'S acceptance of the post would involve a serious personal sacrifice, which, if he should make, would be due to his public-spirited wish effectively to aid the cause which is now of the highest importance, and to sustain the President in his practical efforts to promote it. His appointment, like that of the proposed appointment of Professor ALEXANDER AGASSIZ to the superintendency of the Coast Survey, would be another evidence of the sincere desire of the President to secure the most unquestionable character and ability in offices of peculiar importance.

SUGGESTIVE.

THE *Sun*, which is an enthusiastic supporter of Governor HILL, in reply to a suggestion that it desires his election because it would be a defeat for the Administration, says:

> "Stuff! We desire his election because his defeat would be the defeat of the Democracy and the overthrow of the Administration which the Democracy created. We desire his election also because it would insure good and Democratic government in the Empire State."

This is plain; but the *Sun* carefully omits to say that it desires the election of Governor HILL because it would show approval of the President's course by the State of New York.

A MORMON MANIFESTO.

JOHN TAYLOR and GEORGE Q. CANNON, the chief leaders of the Mormons, are secreted from the officers of the law, who have warrants for their arrest, but they have issued an address exhorting the faithful to hold fast by the "new and everlasting covenant" of polygamy, and declaring that as they did not reveal it, they can not withdraw or renounce it. They invoke blessings upon the noble men and women who have sealed their devotion to principles by submission to bonds and imprisonment under the EDMUNDS law. They condemn those who have promised to obey the law, and deplore the popular prejudice against the saints.

But the paper of CANNON and TAYLOR is also defensive and deprecatory. They disclaim any design to propagate polygamy in the United States, or to oppose the practices of Christian countries. They desire, on the contrary, to limit the practice to "the gathering places of the saints." But even among them it is strictly guarded, and is not generally admissible. It is never to be extended beyond the Church, and it is limited even within the pale.

The tone of the address, despite its defiance and the secretion of its authors, betrays apprehension. It shows a conviction that the government is in earnest, and that the EDMUNDS law is a policy which will be enforced. Something is gained by the admission that polygamy is not only not a thing to be preached and propagated as a universal practice, but that among themselves it must be restricted.

A STARTLING TELEGRAM.

A MYSTERIOUS cable message from Madras, in India, states that the municipal authorities have extended the right of suffrage to women. In this absolute and unconditional form the telegram would imply that the city of Madras has moved before any State in this Union in admitting women to the ballot-box. There is no intimation of the reason nor of the actual exercise of the right by women at an election. There may be conditions of property ownership and other restrictions. But the fact remains. The Madras authorities have extended the right of suffrage to women.

There is an immense body of intelligent women in this country who will hear the news with dismay. They do not ask to vote. They do not wish to vote. They think it unbecoming to their sex. They have not knowledge enough. They have no sympathy with women who demand the suffrage. They deplore the inevitable consequences of the mingling of women with men in political meetings and at elections. The right to vote would add enormously to their labors by forcing them to inform themselves in order to vote intelligently, and they would greatly prefer to leave the matter as it has always been, and as they think that it ought always to be.

This is intelligible, and with many and signal exceptions, yet none the less exceptions, this is undoubtedly the general feeling among the more intelligent American women. But they know, nevertheless, that despite this general and often expressed feeling, the movement toward a general action like that of the Madras authorities steadily advances. The same feeling which resists, and apparently instinctively resists, the demand for equal rights in the suffrage, seventy years ago resisted as strongly and apparently as instinctively equal rights in education. But what changes within that time in all laws relating to women! Even in conservative New York they may now vote at school elections. And resistless logic asks, if at school elections, why not at other? The time is evidently at hand when the intelligent women, the cultivated and charming ladies who, as they suppose instinctively, recoil, must look that Madras telegram, and all that it implies, steadily in the face—"The municipal authorities have extended the right of suffrage to women."

PERSONAL.

Is the gift of poetry hereditary? The Senior Class of Yale College has elected as class poet Mr. CHARLTON MINOR LEWIS, son of Mr. CHARLTON T. LEWIS, class poet of '53, and brother of J. M. LEWIS, class poet of '83.

—Mr. HENRY MOSLER, the artist, has been abroad for several years, and during that time has produced some very successful pictures. Many of the choicest of these works are now on exhibition in the National Academy of Design in this city.

—The Rev. Dr. W. H. MILBURN, known throughout the country as the "Blind Man Eloquent," has returned from a visit to Europe in excellent health. He has written some interesting new lectures, and is receiving invitations to deliver them next winter on the lyceum platform. Dr. MILBURN'S oratory is as persuasive as ever, and the mere announcement that he is to speak from the platform will draw crowded audiences anywhere.

—Private letters from Munich say that Mr. DAVID NEAL, the painter, expects to be in this city again this winter, and to resume work on some portraits which he had no time to finish last spring. His portrait of Dr. MARK HOPKINS, of Williams College, is considered very successful. Mr. NEAL will again share the hospitalities of Mr. ALBERT BIERSTADT'S studio.

—The most interested spectator of the Flood Rock explosion at Hell Gate was Mr. DE VINE, the inventor of rackarock, of which 280,000 pounds were stored away in cartridges in holes drilled in the rock. As 11 o'clock, the hour appointed for the explosion, passed, he began to fear that the event would be a failure. "The roof of my head," he said to a friend, "feels as if it would blow off." But, like General NEWTON, he was abundantly satisfied when the mine was actually fired. It is not generally known, by-the-way, that the men employed in the dangerous work of manufacturing rackarock and dynamite are paid less than ordinary machinists.

—Some of the late Mr. PAGE'S greatest efforts in portrait-painting are to be seen in several private houses in Albany. His artist friends in the old studio building in Tenth Street in this city pronounce them unequalled in drawing, color, and vitality; and it is now generally acknowledged by them that his oil portraits, which have not darkened, are in advance of any works of the kind ever produced in the United States.

—"The object of Cornell University," said ex-President WHITE in his farewell address, "is to strengthen men intellectually, morally, and religiously. In no other place in the country is there such a fine course of sermons by distinguished divines as are presented here."

—The Hon. LEVI P. MORTON began life in a country store in Hanover, New Hampshire, and several years ago, while on a visit to that place, had photographs taken of the old sign of "L. P. MORTON & Co.," which he shows with pride to his children, and which some of his friends saw recently at the American Legation in Paris.

—BROWNING, the poet, can not endure riding on a mule. It jolts him too much. He and his sister recently walked seven hours in Italy in order to avoid it. He is visiting Venice, where his son has a studio, and is a painter.

—Lord SHAFTESBURY'S death is sincerely mourned in many religious circles in this country, and it has been truly said of him that there are literally hundreds of thousands in England who are to-day directly happier and better for his work.

—The growth of WORDSWORTH'S influence in Scotland is considered in an essay in the *Spectator* (apropos of Principal SHAIRP'S death), which finds much in common between WORDSWORTH'S creed and the Calvinism of the Scotch pulpit and the Puritanism of the Scotch pen, that revolted against the Aristophanic riot of BURNS'S poetry, and were shocked by the errors and excesses of his life. "It is hardly too much to say that what is now known in Scotland as Broad-Churchism, and which Dr. NORMAN MACLEOD did more than any other man to popularize and humanize, is essentially Wordsworthianism. 'So long as I have a good conscience toward God,' said Dr. MACLEOD in his hour of trial, 'and have His sun to shine on me, and can hear the birds singing, I can walk across the earth with a joyful and free heart.' This is the creed of Wordsworthianism reduced to every-day practice."

—Mr. RALPH WALDO EMERSON'S family warn the public that a number of his letters to CARLYLE have been stolen, and caution buyers against investing in them. But how little such a theft would trouble Mr. EMERSON himself were he alive!

—Signor SALVINI likes the character of Coriolanus so well that he "can hardly believe that SHAKESPEARE did not know me when he wrote it." He thinks that at bottom Coriolanus was an Italian, being "proud, strong, and a little pretentious."

—Mr. ALGERNON SARTORIS, General GRANT'S son-in-law, recently sang a sea-song very effectively at a dinner given by his father's tenantry on the Llangennech estate in Wales. He is now managing the estate, and living among the tenantry.

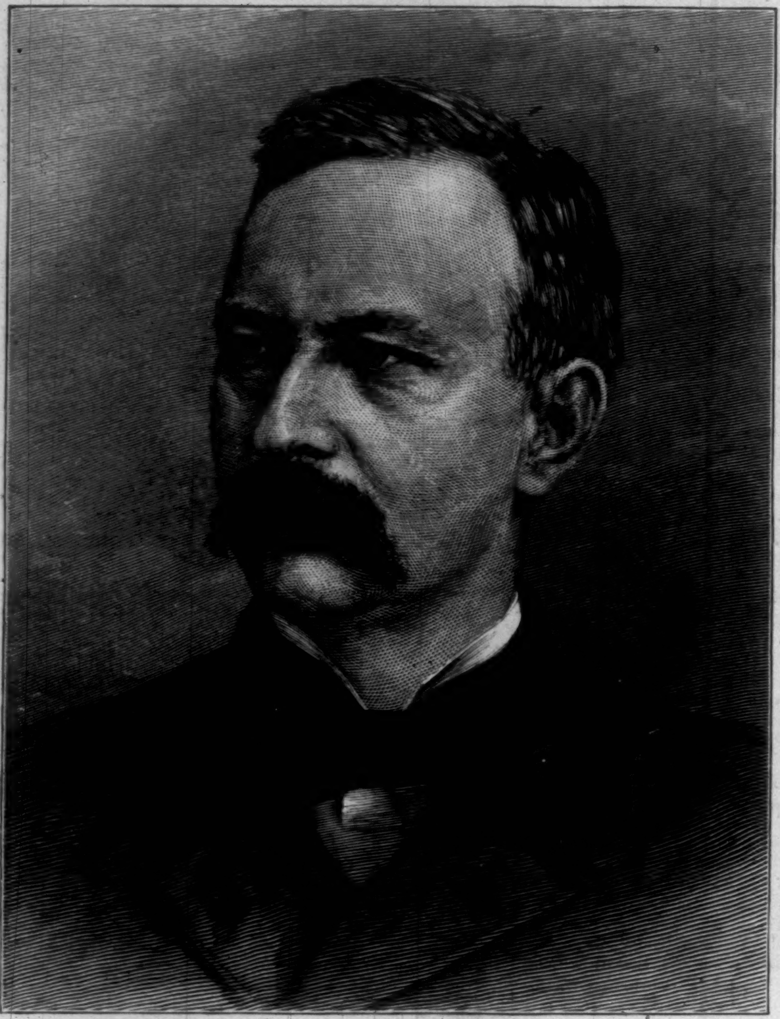
—A French novelist, M. CHINCHOLLE, called one of his characters by the name Desroseaux. It so happened that the name was borne by a very worthy family in France, and the novelist was compelled to substitute another for it in his next edition. A similar experience has fallen to the lot of at least three other French novelists—MM. ZOLA, PONSON DU TERRAIL, and GEORGES PRADEL.

—Sir JOHN LUBBOCK, the naturalist, has been studying his dogs, being already an authority on ants and bees. One of his dogs, Van by name, a black poodle, is so intelligent as to be able to signify his wants by selecting from a row of cards marked respectively "food," "water," "tea," etc., the particular card that expresses his particular want; and Sir JOHN declares that any person with sufficient leisure might carry the experiment much farther.

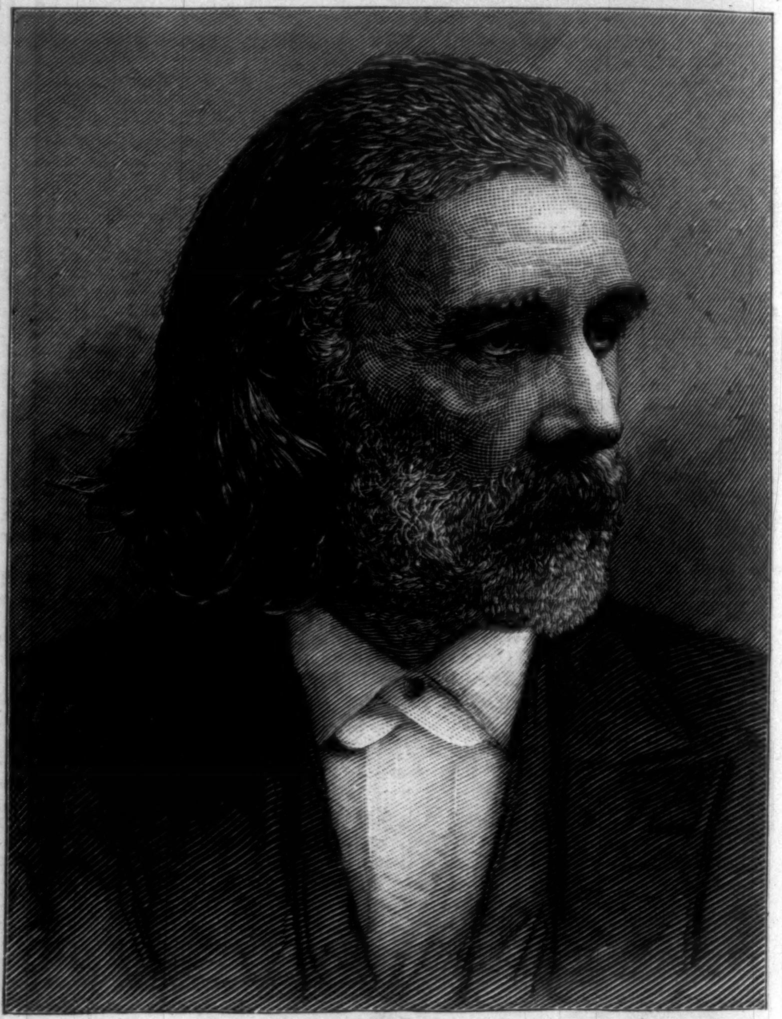
—Signor MANIO is a large land-owner in Italy who has been studying the condition of the working classes. He finds that the Italian laborer, with the help of his family, can earn only twenty cents a day, and never tastes meat or wine.

—An English tourist, Mr. FRANCIS J. ROWBOTHAM, settled in northern Dakota, and became a farmer. He did not meet with a single settler who could tell him that farming on a small scale paid, even after several years of work.

—The thrilling story entitled *The Rescue of Greely*, by Commander SCHLEY and Professor SOLEY, has awakened great interest across the Atlantic as well as in this country. The London *Spectator* describes it as "no dry record of weeks or months spent in miserable monotony, in the heroic endurance of darkness and cold and possibly semi-starvation on the terrible ice fields," but as "alive with busy stir and adventure, crowned with success, and full of human interest. The writers tell their story as one might spin a yarn over a winter's fire, but with a marvellous self-effacement. Only those who can read between the lines will ever guess how much of the ultimate success of the relief expedition must have been due to the ability of one of the narrators, who rarely alludes to himself at all.



HON. JOSEPH BENSON FORAKER, GOVERNOR-ELECT OF OHIO.
Photographed by Landy.—[See Page 699.]

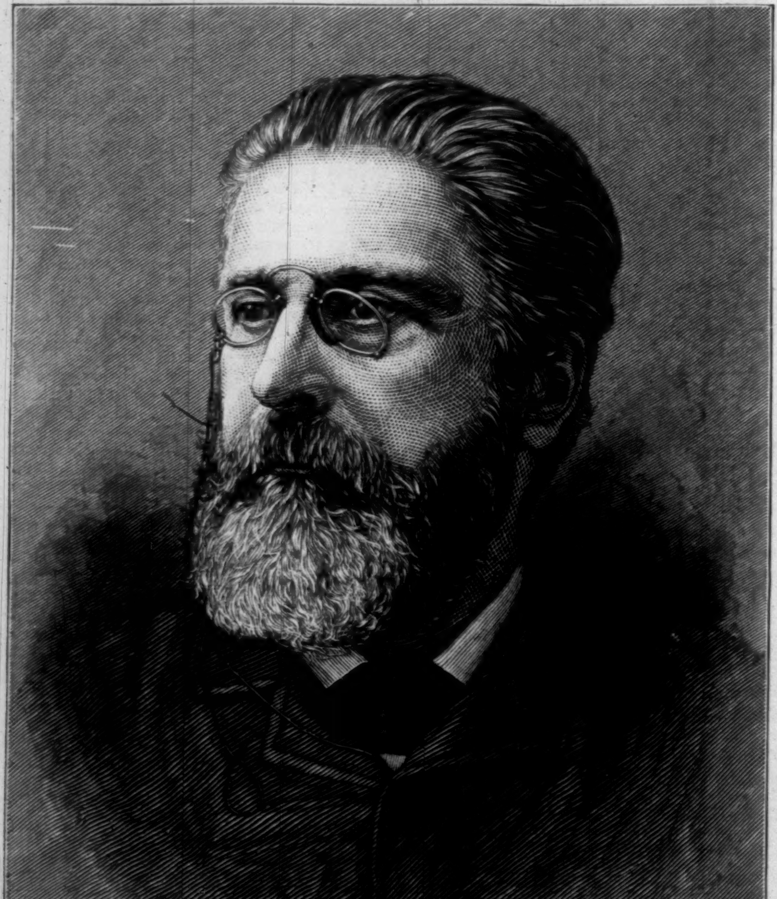


"JOSH BILLINGS" (HENRY W. SHAW).
Photographed by Anderson, New York.—[See Page 695.]

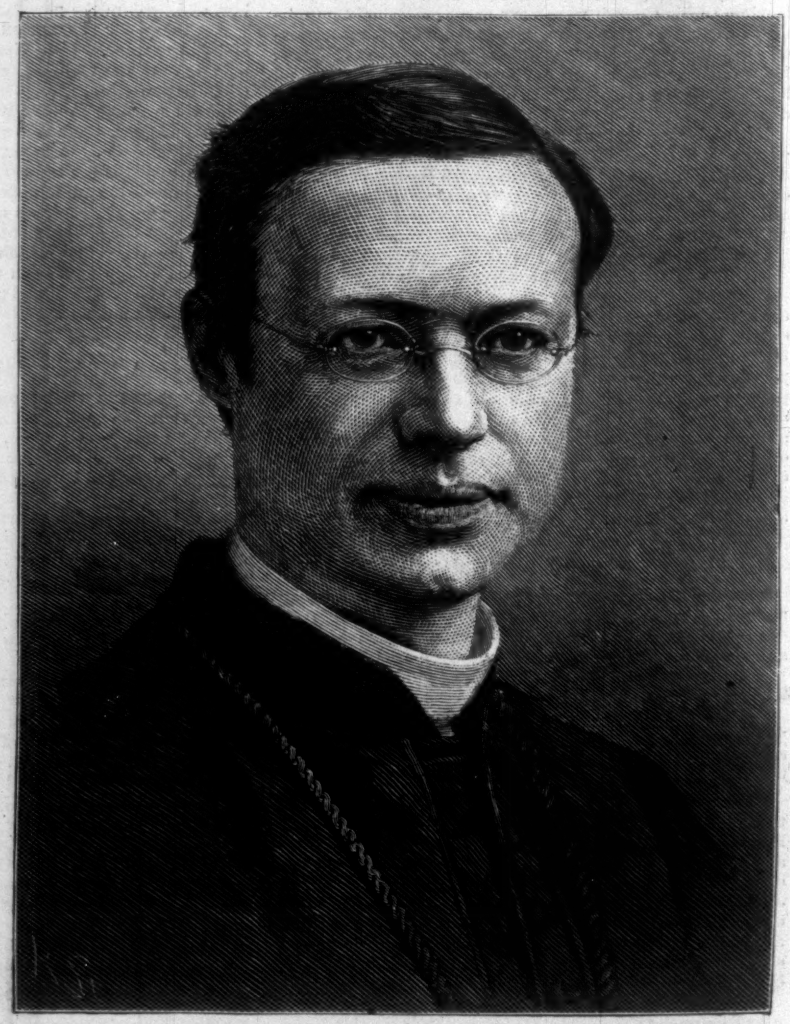
THE NEW MINISTER TO SPAIN.

Mr. Jabez L. M. Curry, the newly appointed Minister to Spain, is a Southerner by birth, education, and training. He was born in Lincoln County, Georgia, sixty years ago, and was graduated from the University of Georgia in 1843. With the exception of two years spent at the law school of Harvard University, his entire life has been passed in the South. It has been a somewhat eventful career, although during the past twenty years he has been so completely out of national affairs, living the studious life of a professor in the Richmond University, that his appointment to an important foreign mission comes in the nature of a surprise to the public, quite as great as was the selection of Mr. Phelps for the honors of the court of St. James.

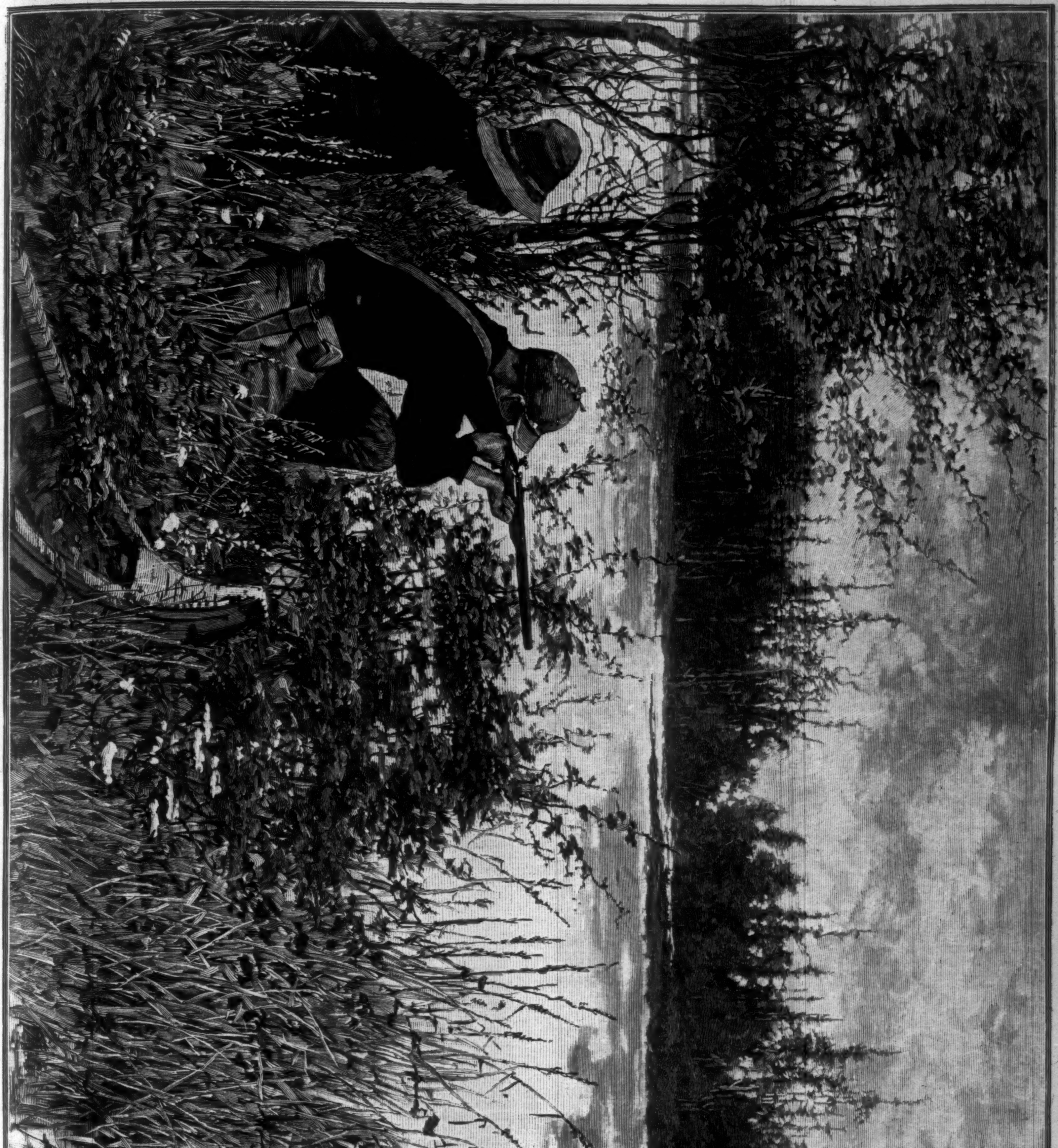
In 1846 Mr. Curry, who was then twenty-one years of age, and had just entered upon the practice of the law in Alabama, joined the famous Texas Rangers to serve in the war with Mexico. Ill health forced him to quit the service, and returning to his home in Talladega County, Alabama, he was elected to the Legislature of that State, and remained continually in office until 1855. He was a Buchanan Presidential elector in 1856, and was returned to Congress from Alabama the following year, and continued to serve as a member of the House of Representatives throughout Buchanan's term of office. Mr. Curry resigned his seat in Congress on January 21, 1861. He was a Deputy to the Provisional Confederate Congress, and was afterward a member of the Confederate Congress, and served in that body until nearly the close of the war, when he accepted a lieutenant-colonelcy of cavalry in the Confederate army. At the downfall of the rebellion he began to study for the ministry, and was ordained a Baptist preacher within a few months after the declaration of peace. He is to-day the President of the Board of Foreign Missions of the Southern Baptist Convention, although since 1868 he has not been actively engaged in the ministry, having in that year been given a professorship in Richmond College, Virginia. He is a man of much cultivation, and is especially distinguished as an able linguist.



HON. J. L. M. CURRY, MINISTER TO SPAIN.—Photographed by Cook, Richmond.



ARCHBISHOP CORRIGAN.—Photographed by Sarony.—[See Page 695.]



A TEMPTING SHOT.—Drawn by A. B. Frost.—[See Page 695.]

MY FOURTH PROPOSAL.

I AM Sydney Brockwood; age, sixty-one; tolerably good-looking; well-preserved; bachelor; no profession; fair income. I may as well confess that I shall be married to-morrow. It has taken me just forty-one years to find a wife.

Before I was twenty I fell in love. She was, very properly, sixteen. Her name was Marie Johnson. I liked "Marie," though I objected to Johnson. It was "Miss Johnson," nevertheless, for a long time. Afterward, when we became more intimate, she let me call her Marie. How shall I describe this charming creature? I won't attempt to describe her. To my mind, she was a superlatively pretty girl. I am sure she liked me, and I was desperately fond of her. One spring—that halcyon spring lurks in my memory like a dream—she and her father (she had no mother, God bless her!) took a house in the country, a hundred miles or so from New York. It wasn't possible for me to see her then more than once a week; but how I enjoyed the holidays! Finally I made up my mind to propose marriage to Miss Johnson. On a Friday afternoon I made my appearance unexpectedly at the paternal country-seat, and found my dear girl talking with Charlie Jones under a big beech-tree. There were other girls and fellows about, and I was obliged to join them, for Jones monopolized Marie. I detested Jones. It was only after a protracted and patient waiting that I managed to have a *tête-à-tête* with Marie. We were strolling over the grounds together; there were the faintest colors of twilight in the sky; we were *alone*. I said, after much indulgence in commonplace, "Marie." My solemnity of voice and manner startled her. She looked at me in a half-frightened way. But I went on boldly: "I have something to say to you. To tell you the truth—" I stopped at this point to gather my wits.

"The truth—" she murmured.

"The fact is—" I began again.

"The fact—" she murmured, gazing skyward.

"Yes, the fact," I exclaimed, somewhat savagely. Then I blurted out, with awkward honesty: "I love you, Marie. I want you to marry me—or to let me marry you. Won't you, please?" I tried to seize one of her little white hands, but she drew it away gently, and said:

"I am so grieved, Sydney. But—I am already engaged."

I held my breath. There seemed to be a twilight under my feet as well as overhead. My legs gave way suddenly. A deathly chill froze the blood in my veins.

"To whom?" I gasped, as soon as I could speak.

"Mr. Jones," she answered, shyly.

This was too much.

"Jones!" I shouted.

"You are unkind," she said, with dignity.

"Forgive me," I replied, trying to control my rage and bitterness. "I must congratulate you, of course. Good-evening!"

I turned on my heels and left her where she stood. I fancy she saw the image of Jones in the crimson and green of the heavens. I was blinded by the crimson and green of jealousy, and that is why my good-breeding deserted me at a crisis. But can one pretend that love—the most unreasonable and selfish passion under the sun—is ever well-bred?

Eighteen years elapsed—a long and barren stretch in the life of a bachelor. In the progress of so many years one is apt to forget the sentimental incidents of youth. I forgot nothing. After the wedding of Miss Johnson I went abroad. I travelled over Europe and the Orient countries. I lounged for a while in Paris, then in Vienna, then in London, then in Constantinople. I spent two or three years in Persia, and hobnobbed with the Shah. Finally I came back to Paris, which was more amusing than London. Of course, during my extended journey from place to place, back and forth, I met hundreds of beautiful and fascinating women. But, much to my own astonishment, my heart staid in one spot. In the blonde loveliness of English girls, in the rich beauty of French demoiselles, in the dusky sensuousness of veiled Turks, I persisted in seeing only one face—the face of Marie. Women in all lands have assured me that man is by nature disloyal, particularly in love. I may therefore congratulate myself on having acted, during eighteen years, the part of a hero.

I got tired at last of homeless wandering, and I longed to see New York again. I longed to see Marie. All sorts of speculations came into my brain when I thought of her. Was she happy? was she miserable? was she dead? What had become of Jones? Perhaps he was dead? On the whole, I was willing to gratify my curiosity. I sailed one evening, late in autumn, for New York. I was thrilled with a strange pleasure when I got there. The dear old town had changed considerably since I had left it. It was larger and nobler. Its aggressive ugliness had been tempered with a certain amount of good taste and delicate culture. After running down the plank from the steamer, and answering the usual questions of custom-house officers, I gave orders to have my trunks sent to the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and then walked cheerfully to Broadway. There I entered a stage, which rattled up slowly to Twenty-third Street. The first person I met in the hotel was Jack Dunham, an old chum. He seemed to be overjoyed at meeting me, and we shook hands cordially. Jack had known Marie in the long ago. After we had discussed almost every subject that either of us could suggest, I ventured to ask a question:

"By-the-way—is Mrs. Jones still living here?"

Jack reflected a moment before he said, "What Mrs. Jones?—I know three or four."

"Why," I replied, "*the* Mrs. Jones—who *was* Miss Johnson."

His face brightened. "Oh," he exclaimed, "now I know whom you mean. You'll find her only four blocks away, in Twenty-seventh Street. She's a widow."

"A widow!" I cried.

"Yes; Charlie Jones died about five years ago."

"Indeed," I remarked, sympathetically, although with a somewhat inhuman lightness at the heart. "I am very sorry."

"I fancy she'd rather be a widow than a wife," my friend rejoined, carelessly. "Jones was a kind of bully, you know."

"I don't know," said I. "But that's not to the point. Thanks for the information." Then we parted, and I went to my room. About two hours afterward I set out for Mrs. Jones's house in Twenty-seventh Street. When I rang the bell and asked the servant to send my card to Mrs. Jones, he informed me that Mrs. Jones was not at home, but that Miss Jones might be willing to see me. I had no objection to meeting Miss Jones, and so I accepted the servant's invitation. I was, in fact, relieved to find that Mrs. Jones was not in the house. Her absence gave me time to take breath and to adapt myself to the atmosphere of the place.

While I was meditating, a light step pressed upon the carpet, and I looked up. A young lady had entered the room. I arose quickly and bowed to her.

"Miss Jones," I said, vaguely, as though Miss Jones did not exist.

"Yes, I am Miss Jones," she answered, good-naturedly. She seemed to watch me closely. I came to the conclusion that she had heard of me. Her mother had told her, probably, that I had wanted to stand in Mr. Jones's shoes once upon a time. I felt uncomfortable. But gradually, when I discovered that Miss Jones was a very bright and interesting young woman, I warmed up and was quite responsive. As the conversation proceeded, I had a good opportunity to see Miss Jones. I was struck immediately by the resemblance she bore to her mother—to her mother as I had known Marie eighteen years previously. If possible, Miss Jones was more lovely than her mother had been. I discerned a softened tone about her, like the tender, mellowing grace which comes to a picture after years. I can hardly tell you what my thoughts or my emotions were for several minutes. My romantic past rushed back upon me as waves rush back on a reach of white sand. I felt that I was in love again—perhaps I ought to say that the love which had never died within me had been unexpectedly rekindled. But whom was I really in love with? With Marie Johnson, apparently. Yet that is not strictly true. I *was* in love with Marie, who lived a second time in her daughter. Strictly, therefore, I was in love with Miss Jones. The new passion simply flowed out of the old one.

This was not surprising. I had cherished my affection for Marie during eighteen years, and Miss Jones was Marie, with, so to speak, modern improvements. My brain was in a whirl when Mrs. Jones—Marie herself—came into the room. Perhaps she was not altogether pleased to learn that Miss Jones and I had become fast friends in half an hour. Outwardly she was as cordial as possible. She shook my hand warmly, and expressed wonder that I had not returned to New York sooner. I congratulated her—that is to say, I condoled with her—on the loss of Jones. I need hardly say that I regarded my old friend and sweetheart with much curiosity. She was still a young woman. But the delicacy and fragility of her girlish beauty had given place to a substantial and handsome *embonpoint*. She suggested practicability and common-sense. Now the Marie whom I had loved so loyally was a gentle, innocent, unworldly creature—just the sort of creature that Miss Jones seemed to be. When I saw the two women—mother and daughter—together, the contrast was more than ever striking. There could be no doubt about my feelings then. The ideal that I had worshipped was certainly typified in Miss Jones. My ardent imagination rounded a golden halo over her small blonde head. I fear that Mrs. Jones saw what kind of impression her daughter had made upon me, for she inquired, rather sharply, after we had interchanged a few formal words:

"Where on earth have you been, Sydney? I had made up my mind that you were dead."

"Oh, I've been everywhere," I said. "In France, England—as far as Persia. In fact, I'm an adventurer."

"And not married?" she suggested, arching her eyebrows.

"Not married," I replied, a trifle nervously.

"Well, that's wise," she declared, sententiously. "You have waited for the marriageable age. You wouldn't have appreciated a wife at twenty."

Several weeks passed, and I was frequently at the house of Mrs. Jones. I accompanied her and Miss Jones to dinner parties and theatres, and I was evidently accepted by them as a friend who should be trusted and encouraged. My position between them was extremely delicate—I mean so far as myself was concerned. Though I tried gallantly to give an equal measure of attention to both, it chanced that I fell more often in the way of Mrs. Jones than in the way of her daughter. This was natural, because Miss Jones—I liked "Jones" as little as I had liked "Johnson," and I wanted very much to call her Edith—had a score of young men at her command.

You can guess the result. I lost my head. It is not necessary to mention my heart, which had been lost somewhat indefinitely for an extended period. Yet my manner toward Miss Jones was by no means the manner of a lover. She was very nice, and I was very friendly, and that was all. A certain warmth of sentiment, which was unquestionably meant for her, manifested itself unconsciously toward her mother. In one sense, the two women were a single entity. I did not love them both, you understand; I loved the same thing in both; or, to be more lucid, I loved in one what I had loved in the other. The situation became more complicated as days progressed into weeks and months.

There are men who swear by that ancient and laconic saw, *Non bis in idem.* It is, indeed, remarkable how many fellows, after being rejected by the woman they love, refuse to think of marriage again. I might have been one of those men, but fate somehow pushed me on its own lines—squint lines, I have called them—of vision. I determined spontaneously to ask Miss Jones to marry me.

I reflected upon my determination many days. How should I proceed in this business? My conviction was that I ought to begin the attack by speaking to Mrs. Jones. That would be certainly politic and decent. I was not at all anxious to speak to Mrs. Jones. One is not eager to address a woman whom one *has* loved about a woman whom one *loves*. But my course seemed marked out for me. There was no escaping from it. I called, therefore, upon Mrs. Jones, and in a hesitating and absurd delivery assured her that I wanted to give up bachelor life. Much to my amazement, she received this confession with a smiling countenance.

"Indeed," she exclaimed, "I am glad to hear that, Sydney. Now you are like your old self."

"My old self?" I stammered.

"Yes; don't you remember?" she asked, still more sweetly.

"Remember—what?" I said, with a worse stammer.

"Your memory must be short. But no matter. So, after eighteen years of independence, you need a wife?"

"Perhaps I don't need her exactly," I explained, composing myself. "I want to marry, not because I want to marry, but because there is somebody I want to marry."

This categorical definition of my state of mind did not appear to surprise or shock Mrs. Jones, who rejoined, quietly and with another smile:

"The mistakes of youth are the faults of youth. Poor Mr. Jones was an excellent person, and he meant to be a good husband. But he *meant* only—and he wasn't. My mistake was committed years ago, when I rejected you, Sydney."

I began to be alarmed. "We need not speak of that," I declared, suavely.

"Yes," she said; "the past is past, and the present is present. Well, I suppose we may consider the matter settled."

"The matter settled! Then Edith knows?"

"Edith? What has Edith to do with this?"

"But—" I interposed, and was quickly stopped.

"We are old enough to see with our own sight."

"Naturally," I assented. "Yet, my dear friend, if you consent to let me marry your daughter, she—"

Those were my last words on this important occasion. Mrs. Jones arose from her chair with frigid decorum. Her eyes seemed to penetrate me. Then she said, in coldly polite words, which came with a slight hiss from between her teeth:

"I believe, Sydney, we have made a second mistake. I must inform you that my daughter has already pledged her hand to Mr. Rowland Van Buren, whom you have met, I believe. They are not engaged formally, but they will be within a few weeks. I did not suppose that you cared for Edith. If I had supposed it, I would have warned you. Be kind enough to forget our conversation, and—please call again soon."

I shall not bore you with an analysis of my melancholy. Fate, I mused, was against me. The two beings, whom I had loved, whom I could have made happy, had been torn from me. I cheered myself with a philosophy which had never deserted me, not even at the most tragic moments of life, and—I started again for Europe.

I leased a house in London, and settled down to a steady existence. I had scores of friends, and I belonged to a half-dozen clubs. On the whole, I was quite comfortable—for a bachelor, unusually comfortable. I had not the slightest desire to return to New York. You see, I was selfish enough to be unpatriotic. I was soon as much of a Londoner as any one in London. My stays there were prolonged during the seasons, and I kept open house; when the summers came I rushed over to France, or Italy, or Switzerland, more as a matter of habit than for pleasure.

Time passed, though I hardly felt that it was passing. I was an old man before I began to count the years that lay behind me. On a certain 5th of June, 1884, I reached my sixtieth birthday. I confessed that I was astonished to find myself so much of an antiquity. It seemed incredulous that I was about to begin the autumnal period of a man's life, threescore and ten. To be sure, there are twenty sun-turns between sixty and eighty. Yet at sixty one has disagreeable premonitions of eighty.

You may ask whether I had forgotten, in the metamorphoses of my life, the two women whom I had loved, either of whom might have been Mrs. Sydney Brockwood. It would be fatuous to pretend that I had forgotten them. But they were no longer real to me. They were poetic ideals—dreams of youth.

On my sixtieth birthday I was in Paris, where I had engaged an apartment near the Parc Monceau for three weeks—three weeks of delicious solitude and comfort, untroubled by the old strident voices, the old stale pleasures, the old unpeaceful nights and days.

I arrived at Paris somewhat early in the morning, and was driven immediately to my apartment. After I had dressed and eaten a light breakfast, I lit a cigar and opened one of the big, long windows in my *salon*. Then I stepped upon a small balcony, and examined with delight everything within my range of vision—the sky, the sun, the streets, and the houses.

A fresh, sweet air blew from the west. There was hardly a cloud overhead; and the sunlight sparkled through the green leaves of graceful trees and on the clean, smooth stretches of asphalt below.

For a while I was lost in a kind of ecstasy. This was interrupted by the noise of carriage wheels. Looking down, I saw that a carriage was standing in front of a pretty house just across the way. A minute afterward two persons—a young man who was hardly more than a big boy, and a young woman who could not have been older than seventeen or thereabouts—came out of the house and entered the carriage. The driver cracked his whip energetically, and drove rapidly toward one of the boulevards.

As the young woman got into the carriage she raised her eyes and appeared to regard me. Of course this was simply an accident. But it was an accident that gave me an opportunity to admire the most beautiful face that I had seen since—well, no matter since when. There was something in this face that reminded me dimly, mysteriously, of two other faces—those of the women I had loved. And at a flash—how can I explain the workings of the brain and heart?—the past was once more tangible to me, real. It is all very odd, I know; but that does not change the fact.

I saw my charming *vis-à-vis* nearly every morning, often two or three times a day. We were almost on good terms enough to nod to one another after two weeks had gone by, for I was regularly on the watch for her, and she was therefore forced to make the acquaintance of my personal appearance. I do not mean to say that she offered any encouragement to my harmless flirtation—if such a word can be used properly; she merely glanced at me as though she expected to see me at a certain time in a certain place.

I discovered, in the course of careful inquiry, that the stranger's name was Shipley, that she was an American and unmarried, and that her boyish companion was her brother. The two were staying only temporarily in Paris, and were to depart for New York as soon as somebody—some aged person or persons, I was given to understand—should arrive from Rome. All this was not especially satisfactory. The pretty American might be Miss Shipley or Miss anything else; the fact remained that I was unknown to her, while I had a passionate desire to know her. Under the influence of my new emotion I forgot my gray hair, my gout, and my sixty winters. I *wanted* to be young again.

Luck favored me. I ran against a well-known Londoner, one day, a famous club man, and in a burst of confidence I told him my secret. Within ten minutes I was invited to meet Miss Shipley on the following evening. It seems that my friend knew her and her family very well indeed. I will cut a long story short. I was introduced to Miss Shipley, and we became excellent friends. I drove with her to the Bois two or three times a week, and I was permitted to visit her now and then. The cub of a brother was usually with us, though he did not bother us much. The three weeks that I had allowed to myself in Paris were stretched to a month. I was willing that they should be stretched to an indefinite period, for I was completely fascinated by Miss Shipley; and somehow or other it did not occur to me that I was disloyal to the memories I had treasured in melancholy bachelorhood. On the contrary, I felt that the same old impulse—the fate which had guided my heart since youth—had still control of me. Miss Shipley might have been, so far as I was concerned, an evolution from Marie and Edith. What they had been, she was; their charm was her charm; how could I help, even at threescore, falling in love with the sweet girl whose voice and face revived in me a past of mournful tenderness?

My dream came to a quick end. Miss Shipley informed me suddenly that her mother would be in Paris the next day. I knew then that I had no time to lose, that I must get ahead of the mother, who might be a tyrannous and disagreeable person. So I called upon Miss Shipley, and made a formal offer of my hand and heart to her. She was, I think, honestly surprised, and when she answered me it seemed as though either Marie or Edith was speaking again.

"I did not suppose you cared for me in such a way," she explained, innocently. "I fear it would be impossible for me to marry you. There is—there is—"

"A difference between our ages," I rejoined, moodily. "I'm an old fool, Miss Shipley, and I've forgotten my good sense. I took it for granted that because I loved you, you must love *me*."

"Besides," she said, without replying to my truthful observations directly, "I have promised not to marry until I'm twenty-one, and I have four years, therefore, to wait for a husband."

"You have made that promise?" I exclaimed, dejectedly.

"Yes. My stepfather requested in his will that I should bear his name, and not marry until I was twenty-one. Then I am to inherit his fortune. He was very kind to me—I can hardly remember my own father—and I shall keep my word."

"Then your real name is not Miss Shipley?" I said, in amazement.

"No; it is Miss Van Buren."

"Van Buren?" I repeated, jumping somewhat rapidly from my chair.

"Does that astonish you?" she inquired.

"I—I—was acquainted with a Mrs. Van Buren in New York many years ago," I answered, in stammering haste. "May I ask you a single question, Miss Shipley—Miss Van Buren?"

"Certainly," she said, with an amused smile. She believed, evidently, that I had lost my wits.

"Was your mother's name—Miss Jones?" I gasped.

"Yes—Edith Jones."

"Good gracious!" I cried, sinking back into the chair.

"Are you ill?" she said, anxiously.

"No, no, not ill. It's fate, fate, without doubt!"

I was becoming incoherent, and Miss Shipley was evidently alarmed. So I made a desperate effort to regain my dignity, and managed to carry the conversation back to formalities. After a few minutes I retired from the house as gracefully as I could.

The next morning I looked out of my window as usual. A closed carriage had just stopped in front of Miss Shipley's house. Two ladies got out—and I nearly tumbled over the balcony. In the two ladies I recognized Marie Johnson and Edith Jones.

I shall say nothing about my fourth proposal. This confession is grotesque enough as it is. But—I am to be married to-morrow; my fourth proposal, therefore, was *not* unsuccessful. I think I may compare my life to a circle, since I have come back to the point from which I started. Hereafter I shall stay in New York and cultivate domestic virtues. The charming woman who is to be Mrs. Brockwood is not so young as she was when I asked her to marry me forty years ago; but she is prettier than ever in my eyes. And is it not singular that I should win Marie Johnson after all?

George Edgar Montgomery.

THE CARDINAL'S FUNERAL.

For two days the body of Cardinal McCloskey had lain on the lofty catafalque in the Cathedral, and been visited by one hundred and fifty thousand persons, while sorrowful nuns and priests kept vigil by night. To the average Protestant who did not know even the names of the various clothes in which it was attired, the effect on entering the Cathedral, and seeing the head and shoulders of the dead Cardinal propped up by cushions, the white silk mitre on his head, the purple silk soutane gathered at the waist with a broad red sash, the white lace alb, the tunics, the silk purple chasuble, the purple maniple on the left arm, and, over all, the white woollen pallium or band, marked with black crosses, which is the special emblem of the archiepiscopal office, a golden cross on his breast, a golden crozier at his side, and on a finger of his right hand the gold ring with its lustrous sapphire encircled with diamonds, was almost startling. The prelate's head must have been at least ten feet above the floor, and not a person in the vast edifice failed to see its pale, calm features above the purple-lined and purple-covered casket on an inclined plane upon the great cloth of gold that covered the catafalque. Thither the body had been borne on Tuesday morning at half past nine o'clock from the archiepiscopal residence in the rear of the Cathedral. The ceremony of aspersing the catafalque and incensing it having been performed, the immense crowds at the principal doors were allowed to enter the building, four persons abreast.

For ten hours four thousand men, women, and children went by the body every hour, and when the doors were closed for the night forty members of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul and twelve members of the Confraternity of the Holy Family took places near the cloth of gold till morning.

Similarly observed was the second day of the lying in state, only the number of visitors was twice as great, and on the third day, Thursday, October 15, the Cardinal was buried. To a Protestant, the one notable feature of the funeral service was its grand simplicity. Every detail followed the venerable rubric for such an occasion, and although a prince was to be consigned to his tomb, there was not a vestige of secular pageantry. Think of the effect that might have been produced by ostentatiously festooning the pillars, nave, and reredos of the magnificent interior of the Cathedral with yards of mourning goods of great and lesser widths! Even the green and gold uniforms of the few veterans who had defended the late Pope Pius IX., and were disposed near the foot of the catafalque, failed to suggest in the least the pomp of a semi-military spectacle. While the vast audience was assembling, the matins of the ancient "office for the dead" were softly chanted, and the great organ rolled forth the notes of the requiem as the more distinguished clergy from various parts of the United States and Canada took their places. Before the high altar Archbishop Corrigan knelt, and the formal ceremonial was begun with the celebration of the pontifical mass.

Then Archbishop Gibbons, of Baltimore, having ascended the pulpit, proceeded to deliver the panegyric. Choosing for his text a verse in the book of Ecclesiasticus—"The Lord exalted Aaron. He made an everlasting covenant with him, and gave him the priesthood of the nation, and made him blessed in glory, and girded him about with a glorious girdle, and clothed him with a robe of glory, and crowned him with majestic attire. He chose him out of all men living to offer sacrifice to God for a memorial to make reconciliation for his people, and he gave him power in his commandments, in the covenants of his judgments, that he should teach Jacob his testimonies, and give light to Israel in his law." The speaker declared that the words might be "most fittingly applied to the great high-priest whose mortal remains now lie before us." The "glorious ornaments" worn by him represented to the people his exalted dignity and authority, but symbolized to himself those interior ornaments of virtue with which he should be endowed; for it was not the glory of the vestments, but the splendor of the soul, that commended itself to God. The Cardinal's death had brought grief to all classes and creeds in the community, especially to "the great heart of New York," of which he was a most illustrious and honored citizen; but he was loved most by those who knew him best. A bishop was exalted above angels, because he exercised power not given to angels. Were a bishop's real life in its inward and outward fullness to be published, it would be more interesting than a novel. The late Cardinal's two great monuments were the Catholic Protectory "and this noble Cathedral, the grandest in the United States." After more than half a century in the exercise of the ministry, "he goes down to his honored grave without a stain upon his private character." "Oh, beloved pontiff," said the speaker, "may thy soul be this day in paradise! We cherish thy memory; and even in the years to come, when thy life shall be viewed through the mellowing atmosphere of time, thy memory, like the memory of Josias, will be as the composition of a sweet odor made by the art of the perfumer, sweet as honey in every mouth, and as delicious music at a banquet."

It was half past one o'clock, two hours and a half after the ceremony had begun. An impressive stillness had been preserved throughout the vast audience, and not a sign of weariness was seen. The noble catafalque was again sprinkled with holy water, and again incensed. The undertaker took down one rail of the catafalque, and eight young men, dressed in black, ascended to the coffin, lifted it down the steps, placed it upon their shoulders, and stood three minutes while the procession of ecclesiastical dignitaries was forming. Mrs. John Kelly and the Cardinal's two other nieces, heavily veiled with mourning, arose from their seats beside the body, and disappeared through the chancel, their black gowns contrasting with the white surplices of the hundreds of priests around them. The people stood respectfully, straining their eyes to catch a glimpse of the purple coffin as it disappeared beyond the sacristy, on its way to the crypt below the high altar, where, after Archbishop Corrigan had laid within it a parchment recording the dates of the Cardinal's birth and death, and the varied offices he had held, the lid was fastened down, and the venerated burden was rolled away into a marble receptacle next the one that holds the body of the late Archbishop Hughes.

Thus ended the impressive funeral service, and the multitude who had witnessed the ceremonies slowly retired from the cathedral with bowed heads, and many of them with tearful eyes.

George William Sheldon.

ARCHBISHOP CORRIGAN.

Archbishop Corrigan, who succeeds Cardinal McCloskey in the see of New York, is well known in the Middle States, where he has spent all his active life. Like his predecessor, he is of American birth, and also a graduate of Mount St. Mary's College, at Emmittsburg, Maryland. He has served as Professor of Divinity in Seton Hall College. As Bishop of Newark, New Jersey, he was noted for his energetic administration of the affairs of his diocese. A few years since he was made coadjutor to Archbishop McCloskey, with the right of succession.

The archdiocese of New York will give Bishop Corrigan ample scope for the exercise of his abilities. Though the Archbishop of Baltimore is the chief of the hierarchy in the United States, the Church in New York *seems* to the public to be the more important, to have the most complex interests, and to be the more vitally connected with the progress of Catholicism in the country. The position of Archbishop of this diocese is sufficiently commanding to satisfy the largest ambition, and affords a right-minded prelate ample opportunities of doing good. Bishop Corrigan will have attained the largest measure of success if he shall win as completely as his predecessor the esteem and affection of his fellow-citizens of every shade of religious belief.

DUCK-SHOOTING IN THE NORTHWEST.

The writer was deer-hunting with two gentry to the manor born on some high prairie-land in northern Minnesota last year, camping in proximity to some well-watered timber-lands. The weather was beginning to grow cool, and the winged armies of the North began to pour down upon us in countless numbers. There were cohorts of geese, battalions of brant, and a vast rabble of mallards and teal. The mallards were, however, in great preponderance. Never before had we witnessed such a marvellous invasion of migrants. We had often watched the flights of the wild-pigeon in Michigan, the exodus of the golden-plover from Texas on the approach of spring, and the coming of the brant to the Broadwaters of Virginia in November, but the like of such a wonderful feathered gathering as appeared in the West we had never seen before.

From early morn until late in the evening hundreds of flocks of mallards circled incessantly. The geese and brant, however, resorted to a large sheet of water which in the distance looked like the flash of a scythe blade in the low, reed-covered marsh-land. Our guides called this stretch of water "Rice Lake," for want of a better name, although many ponds bear the same name in the West. From our camp it was ten miles distant, and being in the centre of a bottomless morass, it was only approachable, they said, by Deer Creek, the lake's sole tributary, or by "the river" which provided an outlet. It was supposed years ago, so the guides went on to tell, that the marsh, which was ten miles across, was one big lake, but that it had grown up with grasses, and crusted over, all but in the centre, where still there was a long chain of open water ponds free from wild rice and cane patches. To these pools the wild fowl would at the approach of dusk swarm to roost. Early in the morning they would leave the lake and scatter all over the country for miles around to feed, the geese congregating in thousands on the sunny sides of the ridges to bask in the hot autumn sun.

No man, so said the guides, had ever gone to Rice Lake for the sole purpose of duck-shooting, and the only guns ever fired in its vicinity were those belonging to some stray trapper or hunter who had been led in its direction in pursuit of a wounded deer. What old duck-shooter could resist making a visit to such a wild-fowl paradise? In spite of both guides doing their best to dissuade us from going, saying that we could kill more geese and ducks in any of the little ponds on the prairie hard by than we could possibly use, which was all very true, the idea of being a pioneer duck-shooter for once in a lifetime was too fascinating not to be realized.

Early in the morning of October 16 we started for Deer Creek, with our canoe in the wagon. In attempting to make a short-cut to the creek we drove into a quicksand, and both horses instantly almost disappeared from sight. It took us seven hours to get them and the wagon back on to hard ground. The next day we reached the head of Deer Creek by sundown, and found that the water was too low to float our canoe. The two succeeding days were passed in retracing our steps and reaching a point on "the river" a mile below the outlet of the lake. The canoe was launched, and with the greatest difficulty pushed up-stream. The weather had changed, and was now quite cold. The strong northwest wind that had been blowing for several days had forced much water out of the lake, and great mud flats were exposed at the outlet. These were covered with English snipe and large yellow-legs and some few golden-plover. In the shallows were immense flocks of teal, and the edges of the rice and reed patches which fringed the pools were black with mallards.

As our canoe made its way through the labyrinth of open channels, or forced a path amidst bending and crackling reeds, thousands of ducks took wing at our approach. The hoarse honkings of the geese in the open lake had made us reserve our fire; and the disturbed fowl, after skirting the reed-tops, settled again into the water with loud splashings. Cautiously we approached the open water, and once near its edge, hidden by the dead wild grasses and reeds, we saw before us, and within easy shot, the vanguard of an immense army of wild fowl resting on the water, which as night closed in was rapidly re-enforced with countless recruiting companies. Two days we spent on the marshy margin of Rice Lake, and then a severe snow-storm sent us back to our cozy camp on the high wooded table-land.

"JOSH BILLINGS."

Fame and fortune never came to any man apparently more by accident than to the humorist who was known, perhaps to every American and to most English-speaking people on other continents, as "Josh Billings," and who died suddenly at Monterey, California, October 14. Henry W. Shaw had passed his fortieth year, having had many adventures, and having tried, with ill luck, many plans to make a living, when the accident befell him to discover his genius. He was an auctioneer in Poughkeepsie, New York, but not a dull auctioneer. He had the habit of amusing his audiences of buyers with the droll philosophy that all the world has since found amusing. His auction-room was more entertaining than the daily paper then published in Poughkeepsie, and the thrifty thought occurred to the editor to have Mr. Shaw as a contributor. But the wit of the auction-room lost its flavor in type, and a failure as a journalist was now added to the long list of failures he had made in life. These were the days when Artemus Ward's misspelled writing was enjoying popularity, and it one day occurred to the auctioneer-journalist that bad spelling would supply in type the setting for his philosophy that the auction-room supplied when he delivered it verbally. So he took his famous essay on "The Mule," which had been printed without attracting the least attention, and "slewed round the spelling," and sent it to the New York *Era*. It was published with "slewed" spelling over the name of "Josh Billings," and people at once began to laugh.

It was not long before there was a demand for more of this combination of wit, wisdom, and phonetics, and he was engaged to write for $100 a week for the New York *Weekly*. This was a fortune to a man who had always been very poor, and had never succeeded in any of his enterprises. But the flood of good luck flowed still stronger when he published *Josh Billings's Farmers' Allminax*, which made its first appearance for "the Year 1870; Being tew years since leap year and 94 years since the Amerikan people left Grate Brittain tew take care ov herself, and started a snug little bizness ov their own, which I am instructed tew state is payin' well." It is said that this *Alminax* brought him not less than $25,000; and to the income that his writings brought him he added a "snug little bizness" as a lecturer. Although the trick of bad spelling first called attention to his writings, and added a grotesque effect, an important element in their success was their quaint philosophy. A collection of proverbs could be made from them which would be attractive for their drollery if every word was spelled correctly.

Mr. Shaw, if he had followed his father's footsteps, or had inherited his tastes, would have been a politician. Both his grandfather and his father were members of Congress, and the latter was an intimate friend of Henry Clay, and his political *aide* in New England. The humorist was born at Lanesborough, in Massachusetts, in 1815, and after his academic career at home it was intended that he should become the private secretary to John Quincy Adams. But he preferred a life of adventure in the West to clerical work or to politics. He went, before the day of railroads, and when the frontier was on this side of the Mississippi, with a company of adventurers who proposed to settle in Mexico. They never reached Mexico, however, and young Shaw became a frontiersman. He was for a time a country merchant, then a drover, then the captain of a steamboat, then one of the "Old Forty-niners" in California. But he picked up gold nowhere. His energy seems to have been mere restlessness, and he verified the adage that a rolling stone gathers no moss. At the age of twenty-seven he returned to Massachusetts and was married, but he soon resumed his roving life. After more adventures in the West, at the age of forty he was, as we have seen, an auctioneer at Poughkeepsie.

"Josh Billings" was a well-known figure in New York. He was often seen on Broadway, and was recognized by persons who did not know him by his long gray hair, his melancholy appearance, and his peculiar and ill-fitting attire. He had many friends who were warmly attached to him.

THE THREE SHAFTESBURYS.

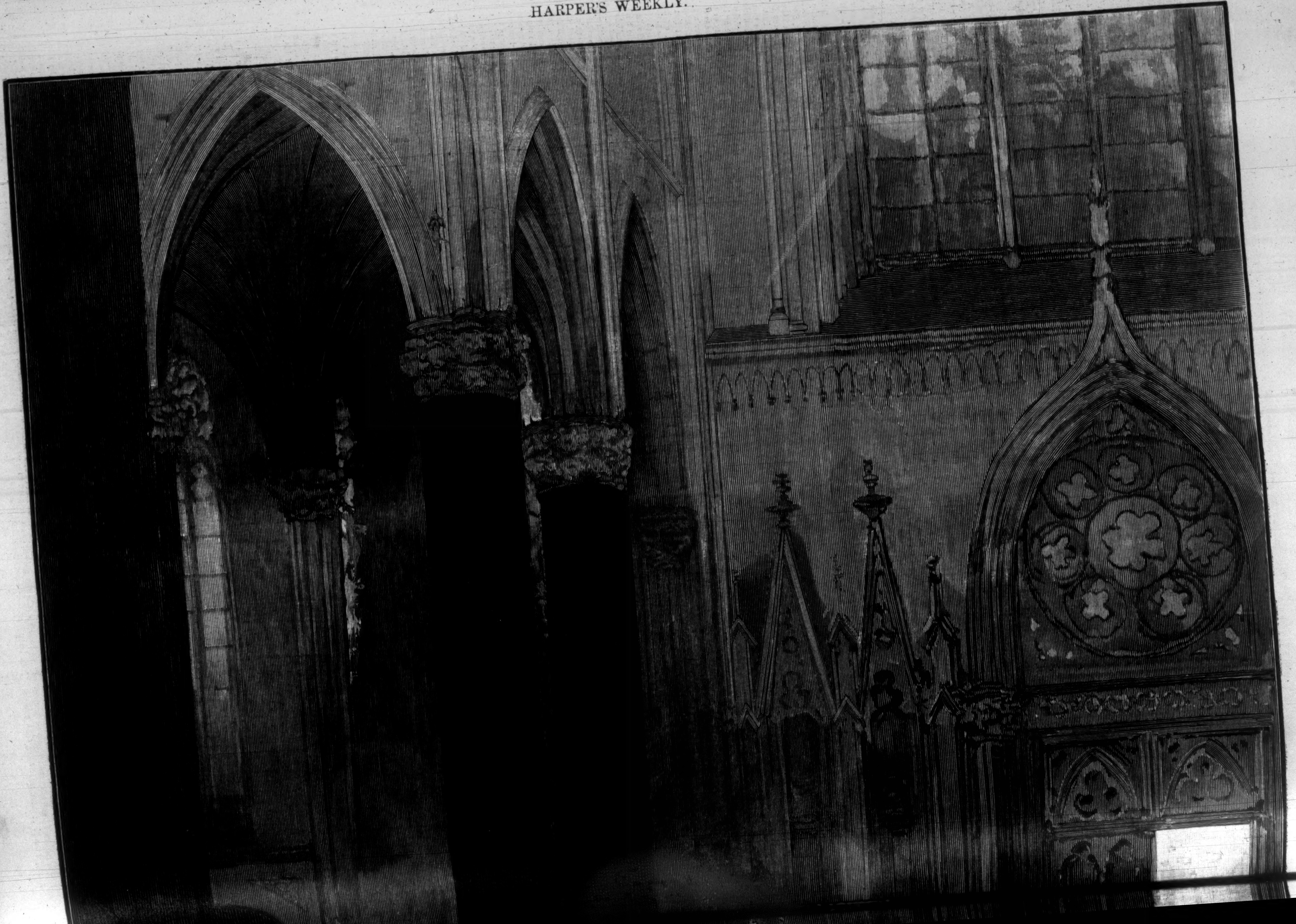
No more amiable or pleasing character has recently passed from earth than the late Earl of Shaftesbury. He was born in 1801, and, unlike his famous ancestors, lived long and happily. But like them he possessed a tenacity of purpose and generous impulses that were fortunately guided to a noble aim. His whole life was given to the service of the unhappy and the poor. He was, above all things, a philanthropist. Something of the peculiar genius of his race appears in his untiring zeal for a cause that was that of the people. No man, it was said, was so familiar as he with the wants and sorrows of the poor of his country. He advocated bills for the relief of the working-people in factories; he founded ragged schools in London for destitute children; joined in every benevolent measure, and gave his time, money, and personal influence to all the philanthropic movements of the day. He was president of the Bible Society and many other religious societies. But he was chiefly known as the friend of the working-man.

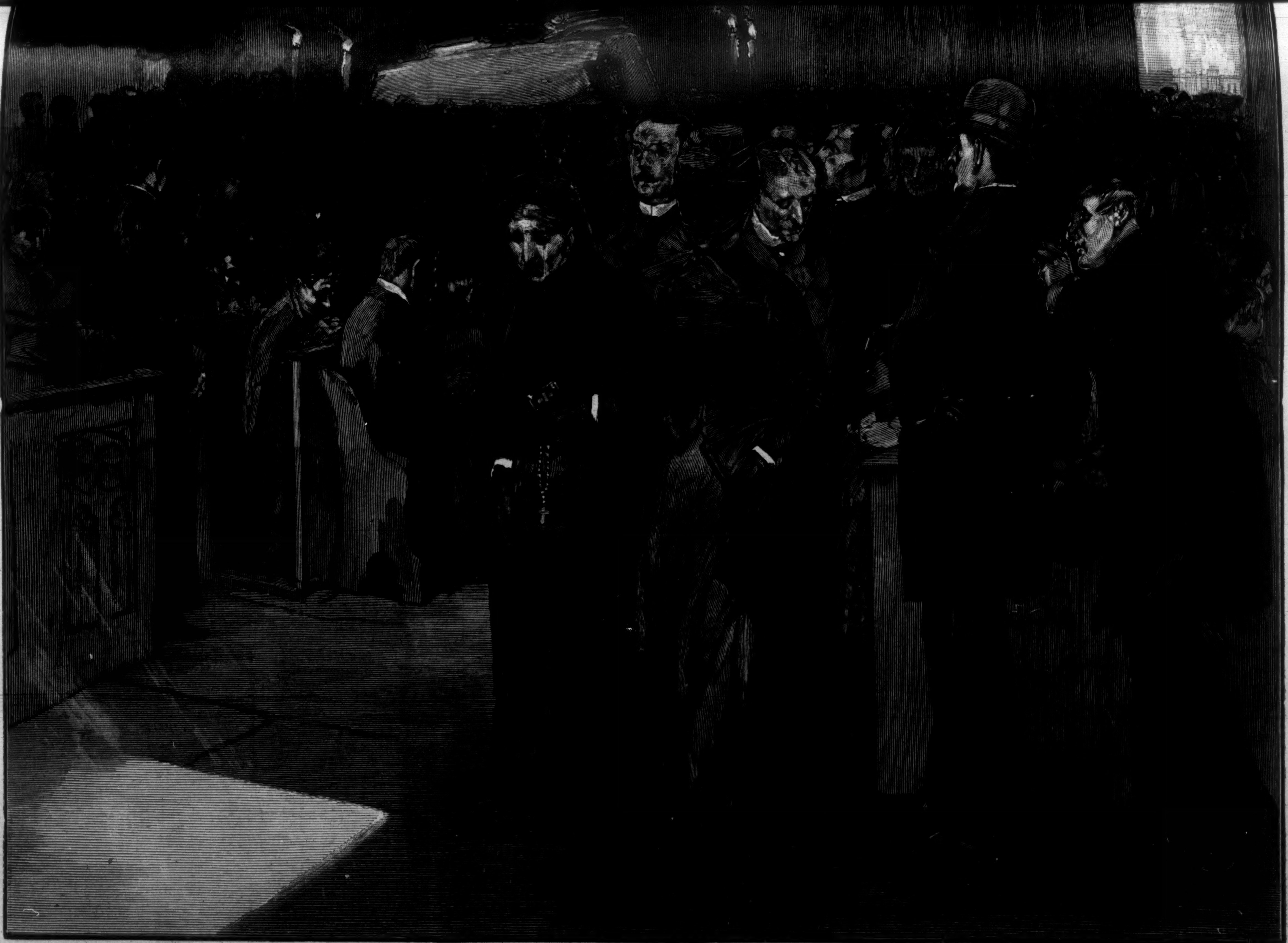
His ancestor the first earl, Sir Anthony Ashley Cooper, was a Liberal who supported Charles I., hoping to win him to his own opinions. When he found the King continued a despot, Cooper went over to the Parliament. He opposed Cromwell and helped the Restoration. He was Dryden's Achitophel; his varied and brilliant intellect was inclosed in a frame so feeble that it seemed each moment on the brink of dissolution. Yet his passionate eloquence ruled the politics of his age. He was made Lord Chancellor and an earl. He left the court to lead the party of the people. John Locke cured him of a disease that had seemed fatal; they were friends ever after, and their names are inseparable. Shaftesbury was a fierce, unsparing partisan, and at last a conspirator, with Russell and Sidney, against Charles II.: it is difficult to see how any honest man could have done otherwise. He fled to Holland, and died in exile, neglected, almost despised. Yet Europe and America owe much to the burning words of the frail but passionate, ambitious statesman.

The next earl, his son, was weak in health and mind. John Locke was commissioned to arrange his marriage with Lady Dorothy Manners, and when they afterward differed and separated, was intrusted with the care of their three children. One of them, the eldest, was so weak in frame that he seemed scarcely to live. He wandered over Europe in search of health, which he never found. But he possessed an intellect clear and active; the genius of his race revived in him; he was a passionate lover of books, an author of the boldest and most earnest assault upon the religion of his time, which was then no longer the religion of humanity. Shaftesbury's *Characteristics*, published after his death, and the *Letter on Enthusiasm*, almost his earliest work, have a splendor of style that has made them live. It is an artificial, heavy style, yet in it we see the germs of Bolingbroke, Johnson, Gibbon, and perhaps Macaulay. He married, he said, merely to perpetuate his race. Soon after, he died at Naples, 1713. His virtues were many; he taught honesty, benevolence, sincerity—and practiced them. Always hovering over the grave, his active intellect was ever eager to be of use.

The late earl was the descendant of the author of the *Characteristics*. It is seldom that in a family stem is found three such various yet not dissimilar characters, or three names of such undoubted eminence. The last earl was the philanthropist of his race. Born to honors, wealth, and power, amidst the selfish influences of caste and rank, the modern Shaftesbury won his renown by his sympathy with human sorrow. He loved well the poor. In politics he might have held high positions; he had a taste for letters; but he preferred the path of philanthropy. He was as ardent in the cause of the poor as the first earl in politics or the third in letters. It is a curious study. The three Shaftesburys seem to prove that heredity is not a fable. The race has shown a secret strength. The weak frame of the first earl, dying of its own internal fire, was the scoff of Dryden. The merciless poet enjoyed the sufferings of his political foe. The still feebler health of the author of the *Characteristics* seemed to promise the extinction of the name. He lived to make it famous in letters. The last earl leaves a son not unworthy of his race, an author and a politician. It seems probable that nearly all the chief families of England may be traced back to the tillers of the soil. In labor begins the sane mind in the sane body. If the family lives long, it usually decays, descends or rises to the ranks of labor; is invigorated, and again makes itself known in mental toils. The descendants of Xerxes or the Pharaohs are found among the laboring classes of the East. From the ranks of labor their founders came. The three Shaftesburys are exceptions to the general fate of rank and caste. It would be well if all persons born to wealth and ease would emulate the benevolent labors of the latest Shaftesbury.

Eugene Lawrence.





THE DEAD CARDINAL LYING IN STATE IN THE CATHEDRAL—THE MULTITUDE PASSING THE CATAFALQUE.—Drawn by William T. Smedley.—[See Page 695.]

HALF-WAY.*

AN ANGLO-FRENCH ROMANCE.

CHAPTER XIV.

ONE SCENE OUT OF A PLAY.

THEN followed a little comedy which Camma could understand right well, though acted before her in dumb-show. The brother and sister were but a few yards off, yet not a syllable of their low-voiced confabulation reached her, only now and then an ejaculation of remonstrance or appeal from Jeannie, an expostulatory counter-appeal from Eugène. For half an hour they paced backward and forward thus in earnest talk, what fateful issues hanging on the discussion Camma knew. More than once it seemed as if the sister had gained her point, and Eugène, with a shrug of the shoulders, had resigned himself to a Juliette and worldly fortune. And more than once it seemed as if the brother's argument swayed the balance, and Jeannie unwillingly let ambition and social advancement elude his grasp. It was an interesting experience to the looker-on, and a moment of real suspense also. She could not bear the thought that a gifted, generous, high-spirited man like Eugène Hervé was about to marry a woman, to whom he was absolutely indifferent, for her money. She sympathized also, in a lesser degree, with the heiress herself. What right had any man to affect admiration or even liking for a girl from purely personal motives?

So she watched the little drama with keenest interest, her mind being made up that if Jeannie really shut her parasol and resumed the seat beside her—if, in other words, Eugène permitted any overtures to be made to Juliette on his behalf—she should entertain a feeling for him little short of contempt. But would Jeannie never yield her point? she asked herself, as she watched the animated figure of her friend, doing battle for conscience' sake. Certainly conscience, and nothing else, was actuating the high-souled, affectionate sister here. She loved this brother so well, and entertained such lofty ambitions for him, that all other considerations were forced into the background. She wanted him to be magnanimous, great first and happy afterward. Certainly that was how Jeannie put it to herself. Another and yet another turn they took arm in arm, again and again Eugène wavered and Jeannie alertly followed up her advantage. A second and a third time the young man yielded, and Jeannie closed her parasol triumphantly, and a second and a third time she was induced to open it and turn her face toward the village. Meantime the swift moments were gliding by, and who could tell but that delay might prove fatal? Even now Madame Hervé might be putting on bonnet and shawl in order to set out and ask the hand of Juliette for her grandson.

At last came the climax. Camma, much concerned, saw the brother and sister wring hands, Jeannie exuberant with delight, Eugène stoical and resigned, both pale with emotion. Then the fateful parasol was indeed shut, and the pair began slowly to retrace their steps together.

The word was given, the compact was sealed, one generous nature more had foresworn its best instincts, blinded itself to the highest good, consented to do evil that good might come.

But no sooner were they close to the shadow of the walnut-tree under which Camma sat than followed an anti-climax. On a sudden, as if transfixed by a new, overmastering conviction, overcome by an insurmountable reluctance, Eugène stood still. He turned round sharply and looked Jeannie in the face. A desperate word—what its import was Camma did not catch—broke from his lips; but its effect on the sister was instantaneous and magical. She burst into tears, clasped her brother's hand with indescribable emotion, then uttering no word, opened her parasol and set out rapidly in the direction of the house. The disinterested yet keen looker-on breathed freely. Eugène had, then, chosen the better part after all. Not by him, at least, was all womanhood to be slighted and disesteemed in the person of the rich Juliette. At the last moment self-respect and love of truth had gained the victory. He took a turn or two under pretense of gathering a wild flower, but in reality to collect himself, then returned to Camma. "My sister will join us presently," he said. "Meantime shall we take a turn in the wood?—Jeannie can not miss us."

She accepted the proposal with alacrity. It was pleasant to breathe the delicious forest stillness after the noise of that long merry breakfast. Her head almost ached with the unwonted excitement of one new impression after the other. She was longing, moreover, to make a friend of Jeannie's brother. Affectionate, high-spirited, even noble as he seemed, was it possible that he could have contemplated this wealthy marriage? He might have been crazed, persuaded into apparent compliance, but that was surely all. At the last he must have drawn back aghast and conscience-stricken. With every golden hour of late summer the beauty of the woods is heightened, the shadows become deeper, richer, the lights intenser, more pictorial. And if the weather is still, no brisk wind blowing, no rain-cloud imminent, the little scattered congregations of birds show more sociability and animation. The uninitiated might at first suppose these vast solitudes, forest within forest, coppice within coppice, to be deserted. But hide yourself in some natural arbor of close-set maple and birch, remain squat as a sportsman awaiting his prey, and soon a dozen little chirpings and twitterings will greet your ears. Pay no heed, stir not in your green hiding-place, and you will see how garrulous and gossipy is the life of these little woodland birds, how utterly aloof from the life of man. And herein lies a great truth for all who can grasp it. Not for proud man alone was the fair world fashioned!

The pair threaded a narrow path that admitted one at a time only, and perhaps, under the circumstances, gave an adventitious fillip to conversation. It seemed easier for Eugène to say what he had to say without that bright questioning face turned to his own. As she walked before him, guarding her light summer dress from the intruding branches, a veritable apparition of girlish grace, artlessness, and vivacity seemed to lead the way.

And the type was no French type either. The chief witchery of this bright English girl in French eyes lay here. Golden hair, wild-rose cheek, blue eyes, are to be found in France, certes, but not the indescribable candor, perhaps savoring of audacity, which even well-bred Saxon maidens possess. For instance, what French girl of gentle birth would have set off thus unhesitatingly for a stroll with a mere acquaintance of the other sex, a man, moreover, not many years older than herself?

It never occurred to Camma that there could be any more impropriety in taking a country walk with Eugène Hervé than with Aubrey Sheldrake, and this happy absence of self-consciousness, and confidence in others, more than anything else, made her phenomenal in French eyes.

"I am very glad that my sister has at last an English friend," began the young soldier. "She is sure to talk to you—indeed, she may already have done so—of the schemes she has been framing for my future. You are an English woman, and in your country, so they say, marriages are dictated by affection only, and not at all by worldly interest. You will therefore sympathize with me when I tell you that my poor little sister is all but broken-hearted because I have just refused a rich marriage." He laughed a little ironically as he went on: "Refused? refused? you will say. Can a man, then, be said to refuse a marriage in France? Well, under certain circumstances he can. The relatives of the young lady are at liberty to make advances as well as those of the swain, and in this especial case the condescension was all on the part of the first. A soldier by profession, forsooth! a hired massacrer, in his person a survival of barbarous times, ought he not joyfully to accept the hand of any woman who offers him freedom and half a million?"

"I should say it greatly depends on the kind of woman," Camma replied, quite naturally.

"Exactly. She may be admirable in every respect; but what if you happen to admire a quite different type? There is the point, obvious enough, one would think, yet my dear little clever sister has had the greatest possible difficulty in realizing it. She thinks I could be a good citizen, play a creditable part in the world, yet all the time, as far as the affections are concerned, lead an utterly solitary life. No, if the choice lies between a satisfied intellect and a satisfied heart, let the ambition go, I say! You, with your English bringing up, will sympathize with me so far?" These confidences were beginning to make Camma very sad. What, then, would become of this poor Engène, with his love of art and beauty, his noble aspirations? Was there no possible rescue except by means of some future Juliette?

"There is yet another thing," the young man went on, still following her in the narrow path. "I want something more than mere grace and affection in a wife. Our Jeannie is thoughtful, cultured, possessed of a beautiful mind, a woman, indeed, far above the average, although not favored by circumstances in the matter of education. She was just sent to a convent to be taught nothing but the catechism and the lives of the saints, like the rest. But if my Jeannie is intellectually behind the greater number of your country-women, how does she yet tower above vast numbers of my own! I want to find a second Jeannie, and something more." He paused, and added, boldly:

"Take our own experience this afternoon, yours and mine. This delightful confidence, how easy with you, my sister's English friend, how all but impossible with a French girl of your own age and bringing up! Yes, I thank Heaven that happy chance brought you a week ago among us. Who can tell but that you may have been the means of rescuing me from a life-long slavery?"

They had now come to an end of that especial path intersecting the wood, emerging from a cool green shadowy world into the warm effulgence of broad day. Wonderfully contrasted were these long sweeps of golden sunshine, these dense shadows, sharply defined, to the glimmering, translucent, mystic twilight just quitted. And once more unbroken above them shone the intense blue heavens, deep azure borrowed of Sicily, skies that ripen the vine, skies that incite to light-heartedness and to romance.

"Shall we not rest awhile?" asked Eugène. "The place invites, and, as I said just now, Jeannie can not miss us."

CHAPTER XV.

THE LIGHT ON THE VINES.

IT was a place to invite confidence. If a minute before they seemed to have a little forest world all to themselves, here in this sunny glade, lawny space islanded alike from wood and vineyard, there was small chance of intrusion either. Behind lay the coppice woods; before, on lower ground, covering a vaster space still, the vineyard bathed in warm golden light. And over all brooded delicious, Sabbath, Eden like calm and repose, as if, indeed, the very genius of tranquillity walked abroad and swayed the earth that day.

"I used the word slavery just now," resumed the young man, smiling to himself at the confidential turn this conversation was taking. "Would not an alliance of such a kind turn me into the meanest of slaves, a hypocrite? Of course no man possessed, well, to say the least of it, of honorable feeling, would marry a girl from mercenary motives and neglect her afterward. His very conscience would make an arch dissembler of him against his will." Again he smiled; there was the ineffable sense of youth drawing these two together, also the sense of comradeship born of generous impulses and native candor. He found it inexpressibly delightful to have this sweet girl for listener and sympathizer; so one outpouring followed another. "No," he went on, "I could never be such a sullen miscreant as that. I might marry an ogress, but I must be outwardly kind. Heaven forbid, however, that I should compare any woman to an ogress! You will understand what I mean; I hope you will say I am right."

There seemed no need for assent, much less approval, yet Camma could not resist a naïve, impulsive expression of feeling.

"I am sure I should have hated you had you married that poor girl for her money," she said, as frankly as if addressing the friend of her youth, Millison Methold or Aubrey Sheldrake.

He laughed and colored with mixed pleasure and vexation, hardly knowing which was the most delicious, her implied acquiescence or outspoken reproach.

"You would have done well. Nevertheless, there is surely something to be said on the other side." Here he smiled a little ruefully. "In such compacts as these—too common, alas! in France—the question is not of minors or incompetent persons. An heiress arrived at discretionary years who consents to marry a poor man can hardly be called a victim. I think if I were in your place, that is to say, if I were a woman," and here his handsome eyes perused Camma mischievously, "I should reserve some of my condemnation for the lady. Why does she marry simply for the sake of a name and a position? It is only fair that you should have both sides of the question put before you. I know not how it may be in England, but here, at least, women do marry for no better reasons than these."

Camma, rosy red and indignant, wanted to say yet one word more on behalf of her sex. The scene she had lately witnessed was still vividly before her, that little episode of the breakfast table, a man making love, or at least making himself agreeable, simply because he wanted to mend his fortunes by a wife's wealth.

"I suppose there are unworldly people in France?" she said, innocently, but with a quiet satire that reached home. "If a girl is truthful-minded herself, why should she suppose that a man who asks her to marry him, because he prefers her to all others, is telling a lie?" Again he colored under the girlish rebuke. Clearly this naïve English maiden was teaching him more lessons than one.

He sat for a few moments in silence. He judged rightly in supposing himself to be about ten years older than his sweet monitress. But he was a man already versed in the world's usages, the good as well as the evil, and she was the very incarnation of wild-rose innocence and purity. It seemed very difficult, almost impossible, indeed, to say to her what he could pour out unreservedly in the ears of his sister Jeannie, who had been at eighteen a wife, at twenty-two a widow, and from peculiar circumstances had come to know more of life and the world than many women double her years.

"Yes," he said at last, thinking he could make his meaning clear without using a word unmeet for maiden ears, "a lie, a lie; there is no other name for it; and what do such lies, whether spoken or acted, lead to in France? Take my own dear sister's case. She was suitably married, as the phrase goes, but not from inclination, not exactly from choice, and what was the result? At the end of a year she was so unhappy that she had to quit her husband. He became dead to her long before she was in reality a widow. Severed interests, divided households, indifference, or, worse still, dislike on the part of those who should be closest friends, often the moral shipwreck of both! This is the end too often of our so-called *mariages de convenance.*"

Camma listened with grave, almost painful, interest.

"And now," Eugène went on, growing bolder and bolder as he saw that he was not in the least likely to be misjudged or misunderstood—"and now for the second part of my speech. I said that perhaps you had been the means of rescuing me from such a step. I had, in consequence of Jeannie's affectionate sophistries and my own, all but made up my mind to propose to this rich girl. I had said to myself that I ought not to expect all things in life, a perfect fireside and a career after my own heart, and also—how easy is it sometimes to persuade ourselves that black is white!—that it was in certain cases expedient, even meritorious, to sacrifice domestic life to larger interests. On a sudden I find a girl friend like yourself to whom I can pour out my hopes and grievances; I realize what this English life of the hearth may be, this ideal we French folk find adorable in your novels, and I draw back, my mind made up. If I am called upon to choose between the two, social advancement and a faultless marriage, let me love and be happy, let the foolish ambitions go."

He paused, evidently expecting a reply, which Camma did not feel called upon to give, then added: "Pray do not imagine that I intend a slur upon my own country-women when I thus extol yours. What wives, mothers, daughters, noble French women can make! But they have had their oppressors—first the Church; then the law; lastly, society. They are only just beginning to shake off their chains and to dare to be fully developed human beings, not mere feminine paragons in the matter of heart, grace, and toilet."

Again a frank smile, and he wound up his speech: "But I can not afford to wait till the generation of little girls now being educated outside the convent walls shall have grown up. I want to be happy at once, not ten years hence."

Personal as were these revelations, in a certain sense they were still impersonal enough. He was pouring out his heart to her because he had no other confidante at hand. That was the simple truth of the matter. This outspoken, almost affectionate, confidingness made her in her turn feel sisterly toward him. And like many another English girl, Camma Joye had been brought up on terms of closest intimacy with comrades of the other sex. From his boyish years all Millison Methold's secrets had been poured into her ears, and Aubrey Sheldrake was only one of numerous kinsfolk who filled the place of brothers. Thus these outpourings of her new friend, although not many years her senior, and a Frenchman to boot, seemed very much a matter of course. To her girlishly alert and curious mind nothing was more interesting than such a study of character. She was as ready to listen as he was to speak.

"You look perfectly happy already," she said, laughingly. "Certainly not in the least like a person whose happiness lies ten years off."

"Ah," he cried, gaysome as herself, "who could help being happy? What a day! what a scene! Look at the light on the vines! Did you ever see anything lovelier or more delicate in nature? And when we have the sun behind us, the effect will be more exquisite still."

"Ought we not to turn back?" asked Camma.

"We will, if you like, continue our circuit of the wood, and if Jeannie is too late to overtake us, she will meet us nearer home," he said.

The sun was gradually sloping westward, and all the level sweep of vineyard lay flooded in warm golden light. But when they quitted their halting-place and skirted the wood, leaving the sunset behind, the scene was still more enchanting.

As the glowing afternoon waned and twilight drew near, the vast panorama—plain and forest and hill—purpled in the twilight; the shadows deepened; all the sunshine still lingering in the heavens seemed to gather round the vines. It was like walking out of a gray shadowy land into a world of fairy greenery and auroral light. On every tender waxen leaf played a warm sun-ray, turning it to deep gold, whilst the outer edge showed a silveriness as of moonlight against the soft blue sky. And as they continued their eastward walk the landscape they had just gazed upon faded from view, and they saw nothing but the sweet heavens and golden vines.

"Is it not as I said?" asked Eugène, pausing. "Can anything be lovelier than this light on the vines? And is it not such impressions as these that make us crave beauty in our own lives also? Was ever a true lover of nature thoroughly base? I can not believe it."

Camma seemed hardly listening to him; she also was drinking in the subtle beauty of the evening, and as she gazed thus she thought that one picture of fair France would stay in her memory forever; that as long as she lived she should remember this afternoon and the light on the vines.

"Oh," she cried at last, rapturously, "how beautiful is your France! How glad I am to be here!"

There are moments in life when any expression of feeling seems possible. The solitude, the sense of deliciousness imparted by a perfect place and a perfect hour, the novelty of a friendship measured by experiences, not days, most of all, sheer joyousness, emboldened Eugène to speak out.

"Then," he said, "if you love my country already, stay among us. It was for your sake that I sent Jeannie disappointed away just now. Could I marry a woman for her wealth when I had that very moment found my ideal?"

Camma's face turned from him. He could not see the rosy glow of immeasurable, almost shocked, surprise that his words had called forth. One more, at any cost, he must yet say on his own behalf:

"When I saw you awaiting us under the walnut-trees an hour or two ago, the revelation came, I know not how—who can account for his best inspirations?—when I saw you sitting there in your simple dress, the very personification of unaffected girlishness and candor, I felt how beautiful a life with love might be. I said to myself, 'Why may not one English heart be won over to France forever?'"

Fortunately for the embarrassed Camma, at that moment Jeannie's white cotton umbrella appeared above the vines. Camma blushed, and that lovely, consternated blush was all Eugène gained by way of reply just then. The three returned home for the most part silent and thoughtful.

CHAPTER XVI.

PLOTTING.

"OH, Miss Camma, darling, what can be the matter? You're all of a murray red. Peonies is nothing to it," cried Ann Brindle, on the tardy re-appearance of her charge at the hotel.

The two days' stay at Velours had been first prolonged to three, then five, then seven, Mrs. Brindle at last beginning to feel that she was turned adrift on the world, and would end her days alone among a heathen, benighted, gluttonous people. That is how she put it to herself, though she kept up her spirits wonderfully. "Oh dear, what ails you, Miss Camma?" she added, as the blushing, tearful, yet joyous girl threw her arms around her old nurse's neck and kissed her again and again.

"What ails me, Ann?" Camma cried, sparkling and audacious, well prepared for the scene she knew would follow: "I have made up my mind to marry a Frenchman—that is what ails me."

Ann Brindle sank into a seat, with one hand on her heart. "Miss Camma, my knees won't bear me up. I shall never be the woman I once was again—never, never. Now, indeed, I may say, Lord, lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace!"

"But if you say that, you are pleased, Ann, as you ought, you must, you shall be, when the time comes," cried Camma, kneeling by Mrs. Brindle's side, and caressing her playfully. "See how happy I am."

---

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1499.

"Oh, Miss Camma, fetch me a drop of brandy or sal volatile. My poor head is all of a swim," Ann said, holding her hand to her temples.

Camma, really alarmed now about her old nurse's condition, summoned the faithful Anatole, who proved equal to the emergency. What with smelling-salts, sugared water, a tea-spoonful of cognac, and a hot bottle to her feet, Ann soon recovered herself.

"Come, Ann, I want you to talk, not to go off in a fainting fit," Camma cried, still fond and teasing. "But first say all that you have to say against these dreadful Frenchmen. You will then feel so much better."

"I won't believe that you are going to do any such thing," Ann began, still agitated, but her old self-asserting, vivacious self. "Marry a Christian chimney-sweep if you will, miss; go to church with a rag and bone seller, British born; enter into holy matrimony with a twopenny-halfpenny draper's assistant, provided he believes in Moses and the prophets, his Queen and his country; but to swear to love, honor, and obey a man who holds that kings and queens are flesh and blood like ourselves, to be treated accordingly, a man who believes in neither God nor devil, and has no reverence for his own grandmother, a man who makes an idol of his belly and sells his soul for filthy lucre—oh, Miss Camma, what will become of you mated to such a monster?"

"What would become of me indeed!" Camma cried, good-humoredly. "But, Brinny dear, this especial Frenchman I speak of must be an exception to your rule. He is not a monster in the very least, but as harmless as possible. You will be comforted to hear that. And he is really devoted to his grandmother, as you will say when you see the pair together."

"I don't believe in French put-ons," cried Ann. "It is easy enough to love people when you are waiting for their money."

"But perhaps there may be no money to wait for," cried Camma, determined to carry on the argument good-humoredly.

"Then," said Ann, "there's something else—houses and lands or money's worth. Depend on it, Miss Camma, darling, these Frenchmen never take off their hats for nothing."

"What could make you dislike the French nation so much, Ann?" asked Camma, quite seriously.

"Oh, miss, what a question! Didn't my own grandfather, now a saint in heaven, lose his leg at Waterloo?"

"Ann, that is a poor reason," Camma replied. "I must have a better one. How many poor Frenchmen lost their legs at Waterloo! And they would have been just as pleased to stay quietly at home and keep friends with us as your grandfather, I dare say, would have been to do the same. The French people now living can no more help Waterloo than we can help Gunpowder Plot."

"What but the Straits of Dover keeps them from coming to London, stripping it bare as ants a fish-bone?" asked Ann. "Never trust 'em, Miss Camma."

They certainly do not look so poverty-stricken themselves that they need envy us Seven Dials," retorted Camma, "as you will see when you go into the country. But, before we argue out this question, tell me about Millison. Ah, poor Millison, he will think me a faithless-hearted girl! But not when he learns everything, and understands my motives. He is fast recovering, is he not?"

"Mr. Millison is like nineteen out of twenty of us," Ann replied. "He would be well enough if people let him alone."

"Well, we will let him alone—only he must not continue his journeying just yet, Ann. We will cure him first, and leave him to be a priest or whatever he likes afterward. Now I have a little plot to confide to you. We must persuade him to make a little stay with us in the country, and even perhaps go on to the south of France."

"Shall we not be nearer to the Pope than hereabouts?" asked Ann, looking dubious.

"That can't be helped, Brinny dear," Camma replied, briskly. "No matter where we go, we should find disagreeables—earthquakes, volcanoes, locusts, or serpents with venomous bites, or something. Yes, the Pope we must put up with. But first of all I want to take Millison to a sweet spot my friends have told me of, not more than a dozen miles from this town. Can you get him to go, do you think?"

"Never fear, if you leave Mr. Millison to me," Ann said, with an alert sniffing of good news in the air. "You just write the name of the place on a piece of paper, and I'll answer for the rest."

Camma pondered.

"I really believe it would be better to leave the entire management of everything—as far as Millison is concerned—to you, Ann. I will go first with my French friends, then, to arrange matters, and you and Millison will follow."

"Nothing to hinder, miss," cried Ann, enchanted at the bare notion of getting away from her daily visitors the priests. "And the country, you say. Oh, Miss Camma, darling, if I could only set eyes on a cow and a few barn-door fowls scratching the ground, my heart would be as light as a yeast dumpling."

"Even though I do marry that worst of abominations, a Frenchman?" Camma cried, mischievously, then kissing her old nurse by way of atonement. "But, nursy, not a word of this to Millison, of course. And you must know nothing is fixed as yet—absolutely nothing. I may be so unhappy as never to marry a Frenchman after all."

"Miss Camma, darling," said Ann, between laughing and crying. "There are some people like sign-posts, no matter which way the wind blows, you may always know how you will find *them;* others there are like the sails of a windmill, to-day a-flapping and blowing as if they would burst, to-morrow as still as if the world's business was done ready for doomsday; what *they* will be at, Solomon himself could not be sure of. And I am sure I should never be much surprised if you told me you had turned Jew and were going to end your days in Jerusalem."

"I shall never be like a sign-post, that is quite certain, Brinny dear. But you will know well enough how and where to find me when I once settle down—when I find something worth settling down for, I mean. So don't break your heart about my marrying a Frenchman yet, for, after all, I may do something ten times worse. You positively look as if you thought that were impossible."

Ann would not deny the accusation.

"I will tell you what would be a thousand times worse," Camma said, argumentatively. "I might, for instance, marry a man ninety years old, or a man who had a wife already in secret, or a Mormon who thinks it right to have as many wives as there are days in the month, or a wife-poisoner who had already got rid of two or three—would not any of these things be worse?"

"If you come to that, Miss Camma, you can never say that you have seen the wryest nose that is, or listened to the lyingest tongue that wags," cried Ann; "but bad is bad, whatever the worst may be. However, thank God, nobody can tell what the morrow may bring forth, and ere this very sen'night is out we may all be in our cold graves."

"I hope not, I am sure," Camma answered, blithely; "and I don't think coming to this terrible France will shorten your days, Ann dear. You look as well and cheerful as possible. And, after all, we must each expect our proper share of worries, and set the good luck against the bad. If things went exactly as we wished, from the beginning of the year to the end, we should all grow unbearable. And now, Ann, let us think, let us plan a little. You say Millison only requires rest and fresh air to get quite strong. Coax him into going with us. Tell him I wish it so much—so very much: for I suppose I had better not see him just yet."

Ann reflected. The wise woman never lost sight of larger interests whilst lesser ones were under consideration. The first thing she had to think of was Millison's rescue from Rome; the second, his recovery; the third, the bringing together of the pair, Millison and Camma, to the utter confusion of that archenemy in perspective, the French wooer.

"No, Miss Camma; coaxing is the worst possible medicine for a sick person, as you will find out when you are a nurse. I'll just say to Mr. Millison that he can't get well without fresh air and a little nursing up, and there is the fresh air and the nursing up all ready. He'll go willing as a baby to its teething-ring. And when we get to the place you speak of, we'll just come upon you by surprise. Pop your pudding straight into your pot, I say, and leave others to stand first on one foot, then on the other, wondering whether it will rain."

"I do think your plan is the best," Camma said. "I will, then, arrange to go with my friends at once. You will follow as soon as you can."

"Never fear," quoth Ann; "I'll get there as fast as if the Wicked One were behind me—which I dare say he is; I always understood France was his second home. And, Miss Camma, dear," added Ann, with affectionate insinuation, "I suppose I may just as well burn that old Mother Hubbard's get-up? It won't do to figure in a wedding outfit anyhow."

Camma's first impulse was to yield to an outburst of vexation. Then realizing, as we all must do from time to time, how painfully inadequate appear our motives, how unstable our lives even in the eyes of those who love us best, she restrained herself, and felt ready to weep instead.

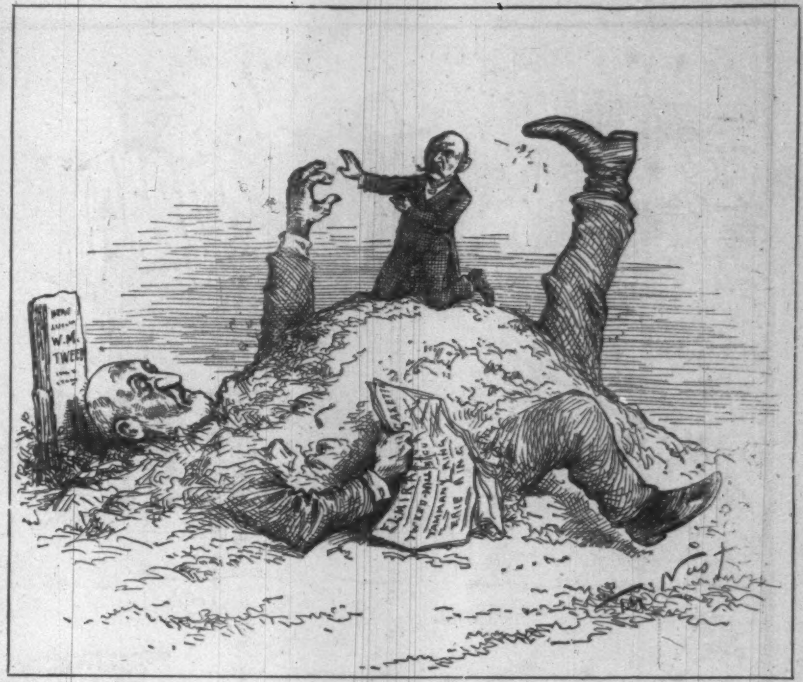
"Oh," thought this girl philosopher, "to be happy, that is easy enough, but to be happy in the right way: there is the difficulty!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HON. J. B. FORAKER.

Judge Joseph Benson Foraker, who has just been elected Governor of the State of Ohio, was born July 5, 1846, on a farm in Highland County, Ohio. On July 14, 1862, when only past his sixteenth birthday, he enlisted as the first private in Company A, Eighty-ninth Ohio Infantry, and was made orderly sergeant of the company for having secured the most recruits. He was promoted to be First Lieutenant in February, 1864, and commanded his company at Mission Ridge. He was with his regiment in the arduous and bloody campaign which culminated at Atlanta, and was an aide on the staff of Major-General Slocum, of New York, during the march to the sea and the brief and brilliant campaign from Savannah to the Carolinas. He was mustered out, the last man in his regiment, June 13, 1865, with the brevet rank of Captain. He was not then quite twenty years old. He immediately resumed his studies, and so well made up the time spent in the army that he graduated with honors from the Cornell University in 1869, and was admitted to the bar in Cincinnati the fall of the same year. He was made Chief Supervisor of Elections for the Southern District of Ohio in 1876, with the full approval of his political opponents.

In April, 1879, in his thirty-third year, he was elected to the Superior Court bench of Cincinnati for five years, but served only three, when he was forced to resign by ill health. He had won golden opinions, and was urged to take a vacation of six months to recuperate, but he refused. In 1883 he was nominated for Governor by the Republican party, but was defeated by Judge Hoadly, whom, in his turn, he has just defeated. He is a very effective speaker, and has the reputation of an upright and able man.



A DEAD ISSUE THAT IS VERY LIVELY.

Silent Partner. "I say, can't you get me an *endorsement?*"

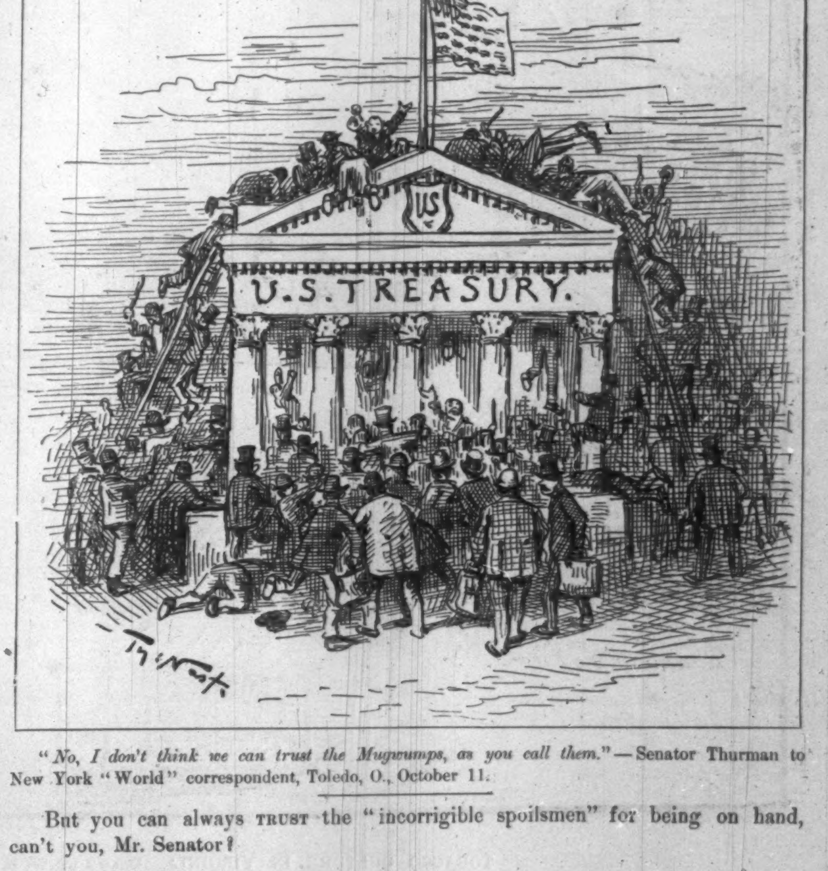
WAIFS AND STRAYS.

A German critic says that "ridicule is the wit of a stupid or vulgar person, wit the ridicule of a superior intellect or a man of the world, irony the wit of a thinker, and humor the irony of a poet." This is one of those nice distinctions which to some people seem mixed. The critic himself, it will be noticed, says that each of these things is all the others. It is common and not wrong to speak as the facts may warrant of delicate ridicule, of clownish wit, of dull irony, and of horse humor. Likely enough the critic makes the remark for the sake of sound.

A correspondent in New Jersey, writing to a Boston newspaper, tells of a young lady from Pennsylvania who, having been sent to New Jersey "in a very feeble condition, as a last resort, by her physician," was so stung by the mosquitoes which, singularly enough, she encountered there, that she was prostrated. A local physician was called in, and he brought her safely through the crisis which had been provoked by the mosquitoes, when it was discovered that her other ailment had also vanished, and that she was in perfect health. The cure of the greater ailment is ascribed by all concerned to the mosquitoes. What the ailment was is not confided. Perhaps she suffered from persistent high spirits, as Mark Tapley did, and wanted to be perfectly miserable.

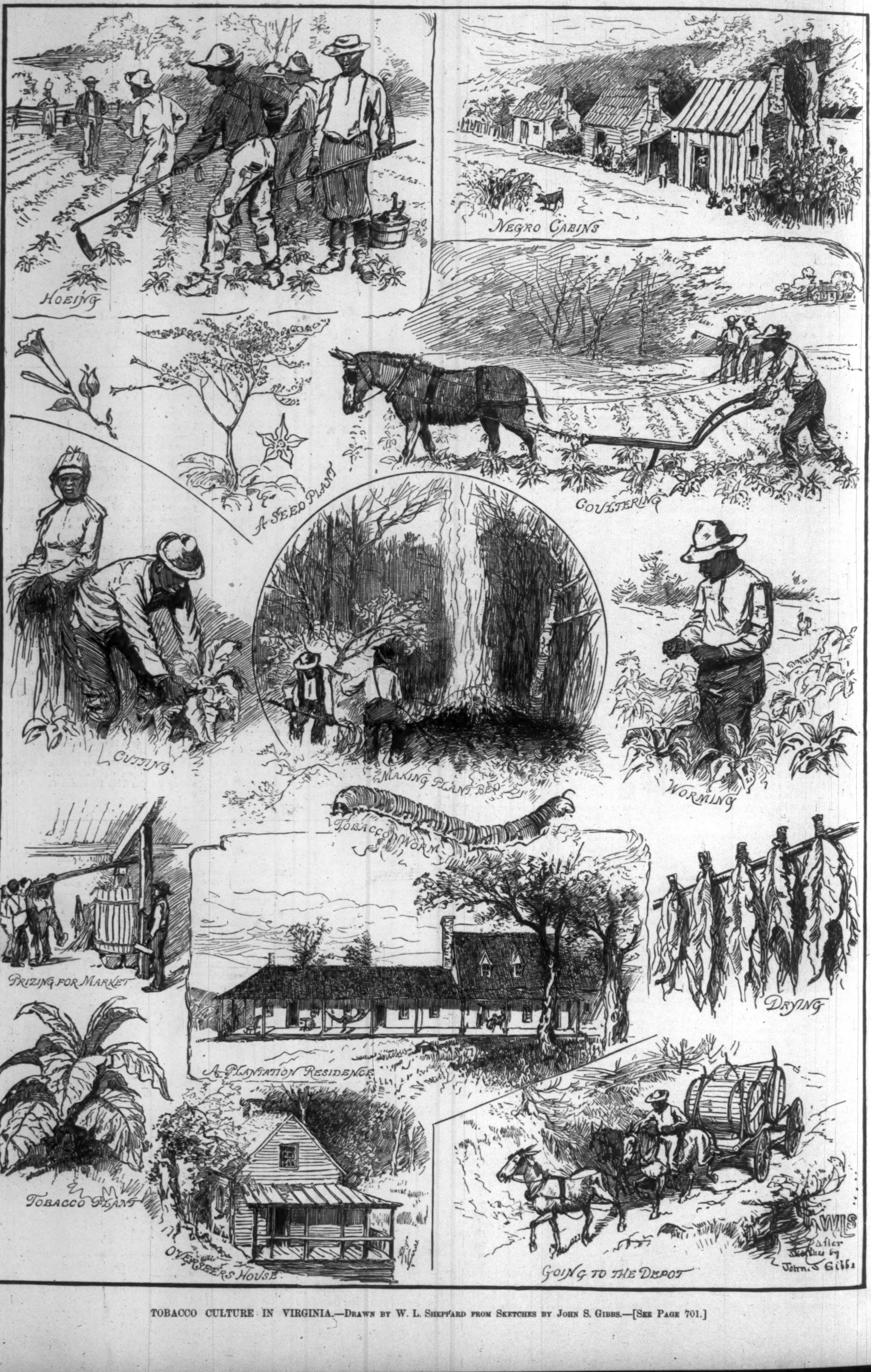
If you harness seven maidens to a plough and run a furrow about a village which is threatened with a cattle plague, you do not always prevent the plague from coming in, even though the maidens are led by two old women, and a young bachelor of good character guides the plough. Sometimes the plague does not come in, but such a furrow was run in such a manner about a village in Russia recently, and the plague entered notwithstanding. It is not known whether it made its way insidiously under the furrow or over it, or whether it stormed upon the line directly, violently breaking the magic spell. Faith in the efficacy of the furrow was so universal among the villagers that nobody was on the lookout to see.

Yale Freshmen have no right to sit on the Chapel Street fence except as a reward for beating the Harvard Freshmen in an athletic contest. It is a pleasant fence, commanding an unhindered view of one of the fairest and most delightfully frequented thoroughfares in New Haven, and offers to the members of the higher classes many of the advantages of a well-situated clubhouse. The Freshmen, the other day, after beating the Sophomores by four to three at a game of base-ball, raided this fence and sat upon it, heedless of the indefensible unusualness of the act, and of the feelings of the Sophomores, who tried to sit there at the same time. The newspaper report of the transaction says that six or seven of the Sophomores were dragged over the fence and "shirted," from which it is to be inferred that the proceedings were conducted with considerable spirit, although the exact significance of the verb in quotation marks can merely be guessed at by the Philistine intelligence. But to beat the Sophomores at base-ball, and then to sit on the fence, was indeed an abundance of victory for the Yale Freshmen to enjoy in one day.

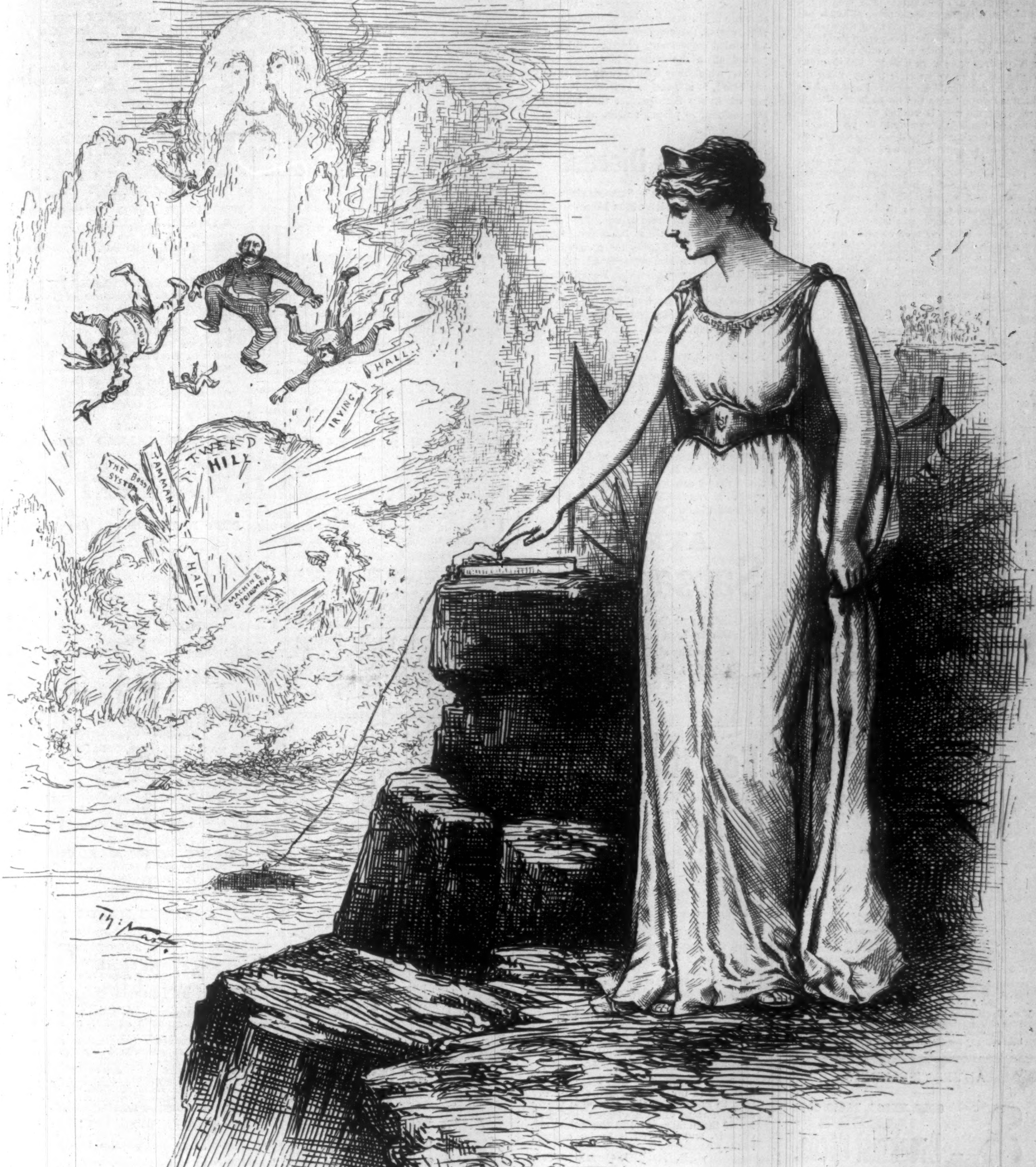


"*No, I don't think we can trust the Mugwumps, as you call them.*"—Senator Thurman to New York "World" correspondent, Toledo, O., October 11.

But you can always trust the "incorrigible spoilsmen" for being on hand, can't you, Mr. Senator?


HOEING
NEGRO CABINS
A SEED PLANT
COULTERING
CUTTING.
MAKING PLANT BED
WORMING
TOBACCO WORM
PRIZING FOR MARKET
DRYING
A PLANTATION RESIDENCE
TOBACCO PLANT
OVERSEERS HOUSE
GOING TO THE DEPOT
WLS
after
sketches by
John. S Gibbs

TOBACCO CULTURE IN VIRGINIA.—Drawn by W. L. Sheppard from Sketches by John S. Gibbs.—[See Page 701.]



A *HILL* GATE THAT OBSTRUCTS REFORM.

TOBACCO CULTURE IN VIRGINIA.

THE "white stem" tobacco is a variety especially adapted to the rich clay loams of Middle Virginia, and it attains its best growth in the Piedmont region and in the black mountain hollows of the Blue Ridge. Too rich and oily for cigars, or for American manufacture in any shape, it is almost immediately shipped to Europe. By the Germans and French it is prepared for final distribution in Barbary, Egypt, Arabia, and Turkey. No doubt some of it comes to New York from Continental factories labelled as from Constantinople, and under this alluring legend is consumed in America. This variety of tobacco is enjoyed not only by the Mohammedans, but is also prepared in large quantities in the form of plugs and "pigtails" for use in various foreign navies. Until within a very few years the low price obtained for black tobacco, together with the difficulty of securing sufficient trustworthy labor, had lessened the area of its cultivation, though, under favorable conditions, it is a highly remunerative crop. This has had the effect of raising the price to a decidedly profitable point.

To have good tobacco one must first secure good plants. During those dark, short days in November and December before bad weather has actually set in, a location is selected for the plant bed. The plants love the sunny slope of a piece of woodland. All the timber is cut and piled in even rows during the day, and after supper it is fired. The fire is allowed to burn fifteen minutes on one place, and then the men with long yellow birch poles, with green locust pins in the ends, move it to fresh ground. This burning over the ground is done for two reasons—the ashes are an excellent fertilizer, and the heat kills all foreign growths among the young plants. Hard cider, whiskey, or apple brandy, with a plentiful supply of "light bread" and other "white folks' eating," contribute to the pleasures of the night. By daylight the "bed" is all burned over, but before wet weather comes it must be coultered, hoed, raked, and sowed—one table-spoonful of seeds to the one hundred square yards. Tobacco seeds are very small.

The next thing to do is to cover the bed with alder bush, and leave it until the opening of spring. With the return of spring the alder bushes are removed from the young tobacco plants. Early in June they are ready to transplant to the field. The land where the crop is to grow having been ploughed in winter, must be refallowed and harrowed many times, then rolled and laid off in rows three feet three inches apart, and ploughed into ridges. Men follow the plough with hoes, and turn the ridges into a series of hills.

Now the planter anxiously scans the heavens in search of rain, for it is necessary to have a "season" on the land before planting. Early morning and late afternoon are chosen times to plant. If they are set out in the morning, a clod of dirt, a stone, or some other object is put over the plants, and kept there until the evening of the third day, to protect them from the heat.

Tobacco is essentially a hoe crop; that is to say, it requires more work with the hoe than any other plant. Two weeks after transplanting the plants the land should be coultered and the hills "skimmed down" with the broad hoes; then in three weeks the crop is worked with the "cultivator," and the hills drawn up to the plant again. One more working to keep down the weeds, and the work of hoe and plough is done. But the most tedious labor is yet to come. Every week the plant must be carefully "topped," and the tobacco worms killed by hand, which adds much to the cost of the crop. The first culling commences early in September; the later plants mature, according to season, in about thirty days.

Up to this time our crop of *white stem* shipping tobacco has been handled precisely as the most delicate sun-cured smoking variety; but now the treatment differs. After being stuck on sticks, it is hung from tier poles in a tobacco house. In three or four days a slow fire is started under it, and gradually increased in heat till the fourth day, when it is as slowly allowed to go out. This cures the tobacco to a dark rich cherry red, the most salable color. Every damp day until the crop is "prized" the tobacco house is full of men assorting the leaves into "firsts," "seconds," and "lugs." Afterward the different grades are put into hogsheads of 1500 pounds capacity, and "prized" with powerful levers. The head put on the hogshead, it is ready for shipment. Tobacco is an extremely laborious crop to cultivate, but it is a "cash" crop, and it prepares the land, as no other crop can, for grass, and of cash and grass Virginia has great need.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

WELL PLEASED.

DR. C. ROBERTS, Winchester, Ill., says: "I have used it with entire satisfaction in cases of debility from age or overwork, and for inebriates and dyspeptics, and am well pleased with its effects."—[*Adv.*]

WHY SUFFER FROM DYSPEPSIA,

Constipation, Biliousness, etc., when THE HEALTH JOLTING CHAIR will undoubtedly cure you, as it has multitudes. No other means will do it so effectively and harmlessly. Thousands are living miserably, suffering from these disorders, who could be entirely restored to absolute health by its use. Endorsed by most prominent doctors, lawyers, clergymen, students, merchants, and others of sedentary occupations. Pamphlet free. THE HEALTH JOLTING CHAIR Co., 150 W. 23d St., N. Y. —[*Adv.*]

.... Pile tumors, rupture, and fistulæ radically cured by improved methods. Book, 10 cents in stamps. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.—[*Adv.*]

BURNETT'S COCOAINE

Will save the hair and keep it in a strong and healthy condition, because it will stimulate the roots of the hair and restore the natural action upon which its growth depends. *Burnett's Flavoring Extracts* are absolutely pure.—[*Adv.*]

THE next time you go to Boston, from New York or Albany, go by the Boston and Albany R. R., and you will always after take that popular route, for comfort and despatch are appreciated.—[*Adv.*]

ANGOSTURA BITTERS are the best remedy for removing indigestion and all diseases originating from the digestive organs. Beware of counterfeits. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by J. G. B. SIEGERT & SONS.—[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.

BAKER'S Breakfast Cocoa.

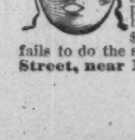
Warranted *absolutely pure Cocoa*, from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has *three times the strength* of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, *costing less than one cent a cup*. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

ALBURNINE,

The wonderful preparation, which will give hair of any color the so much admired rich golden auburn tint, without injury to the hair. $2.50 per bottle.



THE COMPLEXION MASK.

By the Parfumerie Monte Christo, of world-wide reputation, cures all blemishes, effaces unsightly wrinkles, and gives the face a fresh and youthful appearance. Endorsed and recommended by the most eminent physicians. Price $2.00, complete. Money refunded if it fails to do the same. **L. SHAW, 54 West 14th Street, near Macy's, only depot, New York.**

Be Warned

in time. Kidney diseases may be prevented by purifying, renewing, and invigorating the blood with Ayer's Sarsaparilla. When, through debility, the action of the kidneys is perverted, these organs rob the blood of its needed constituent, albumen, which is passed off in the urine, while worn out matter, which they should carry off from the blood, is allowed to remain. By the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, the kidneys are restored to proper action, and Albuminuria, or

Bright's Disease

is prevented. Ayer's Sarsaparilla also prevents inflammation of the kidneys, and other disorders of these organs. Mrs. Jas. W. Weld, Forest Hill st., Jamaica Plain, Mass., writes: "I have had a complication of diseases, but my greatest trouble has been with my kidneys. Four bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla made me feel like a new person; as well and strong as ever." W. M. McDonald, 46 Summer st., Boston, Mass., had been troubled for years with Kidney Complaint. By the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, he not only

Prevented

the disease from assuming a fatal form, but was restored to perfect health. John McLellan, cor. Bridge and Third sts., Lowell, Mass., writes: "For several years I suffered from Dyspepsia and Kidney Complaint, the latter being so severe at times that I could scarcely attend to my work. My appetite was poor, and I was much emaciated; but by using

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

my appetite and digestion improved, and my health has been perfectly restored."

Sold by all Druggists.

Price $1; Six bottles, $5.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass., U. S. A.

For the Toilet.

Ayer's Hair Vigor is indispensable to a complete toilet, It is an agreeably perfumed dressing, and renders the hair soft and lustrous. It stimulates weak and thin hair to renewed growth, and restores faded or gray hair to its original color and beauty.

"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for a number of years, and it has always given me satisfaction. It is an excellent dressing, prevents the hair from turning gray, insures its vigorous growth, and keeps the scalp white and clean."

MARY A. JACKSON,
Salem, Mass.

"I had been gray for nearly ten years before commencing the use of

Ayer's Hair Vigor.

Since using it my hair has been restored to its original color, and very much increased in growth."

ETHEL TROTTER, Norfolk, Va.

"Several years ago I was afflicted with a humor in my scalp, which caused my hair to fall out, so that I became nearly bald. The use of Ayer's Hair Vigor cured me of the humor, checked the falling out of hair, and restored it to its original healthy condition."

J. B. YOUNG, Carrollton, Md.

Ayer's Hair Vigor,

PREPARED BY

DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists.

ANGLO-SWISS CONDENSED MILK.

MILKMAID BRAND.

Economical and convenient for all kitchen purposes. Better for babies than uncondensed milk. Sold everywhere.

PARQUET FLOORS

NATIONAL WOOD MFG. Co.
OF 16 EAST 18TH STREET • NEW • YORK
REMOVED 129 FIFTH AVE NEAR 20 ST.

RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

Nearly the largest book business in the United States is Wanamaker's, in Philadelphia, seven years old.

BOOK NEWS is a monthly list of Wanamaker's prices for new books, with a clue to what the books themselves amount to. Send three cents for a copy; 25 cents a year. There's money in it for even the smallest of book-buyers.

A BARGAIN.

Having changed the appearance and style of binding of our edition of Dickens, we find a remainder on hand of our first edition, which we have decided to close out.

They are regular and perfect stock, and precisely the same books which were originally published at $22.50 per set.

To dispose of them at once, we offer a set of Charles Dickens's Complete Works, fully illustrated, bound in cloth, 15 VOLUMES, 12mo, for only $7.50 per set.

Remittances can be made by P.O. or express money orders, or in bank checks, drafts, or registered letters.

POLLARD & MOSS, Publishers,
47 John Street, New York.

Phillips & Hunt, 805 Broadway, N. Y.

THE PEOPLE'S CYCLOPEDIA OF UNIVERSAL KNOWLEDGE contains 58,000 Topics, 5000 Illustrations, nearly 100 Double and Single page Colored Maps. 75,000 copies sold in four years.

Don't purchase a Cyclopedia of any kind till you examine the People's. Send for specimen pages to

PHILLIPS & HUNT, 805 Broadway.

First Class Agents Wanted.

GERMAN SIMPLIFIED.

An eminently practical new method for learning the German language, especially adapted to self-instruction; 12 numbers at 10 cents each, sold separately. For sale by all booksellers; sent postpaid, on receipt of price, by Prof. A. KNOFLACH, 140 Nassau St., New York.

THE Ten Laws of Health, and Family Guide to Protection against Epidemic Diseases, and other Dangerous Infections.

Third and Enlarged Edition, by J. R. BLACK, M.D.

An Index to Health and Disease, Invaluable to all who Desire one and Fear the other.

Will be sent, postpaid, on receipt of $2.00.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY, Publishers,
715 and 717 Market St., Philadelphia.

The N. Y. Weekly Tribune

Wants a young and smart Republican in every township to canvass for 3 months' subscriptions at 25 cents each. The commissions are more liberal than ever before offered. A good chance for men out of work. The Weekly, 13 weeks, for 25 cents; The Semi-Weekly, 50 cents.

Cuticura Soap

FOR CLEANSING THE SKIN and Scalp of Birth Humors, for allaying Itching, Burning, and Inflammation, for curing the first symptoms of Eczema, Psoriasis, Milk Crust, Scald Head, Scrofula, and other inherited skin and blood diseases, CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, internally, are infallible. Absolutely pure. Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, $1. POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON.

☞ Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

STEIN'S SAFETY Stocking Supporters.

NO MORE BLOOD-STRANGLING GARTERS.

RECOMMENDED BY ALL THE LEADING PHYSICIANS.

Children's one attachment,	6c. a pair.
" two "	8c. "
Misses' " "	10c. "
Ladies' " "	13c. "
Misses', with a belt, - -	18c. "
Ladies' " " -	20c. "
Stocking, Abdominal, and Catamenial Bandage Supporter combined - -	50c. "
Health Skirt Supporter, -	25c. "
Brighton Gents' Garter,	15c. "

FOR SALE BY

ALL FIRST-CLASS STORES.

LEWIS STEIN,
Sole Owner and Manufacturer,
178 CENTRE ST., New York.

HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

Per Year:

HARPER'S MAGAZINE	$4 00
HARPER'S WEEKLY	4 00
HARPER'S BAZAR	4 00
HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE	2 00
HARPER'S FRANKLIN SQUARE LIBRARY (One Number a week for 52 weeks)	10 00
HARPER'S HANDY SERIES (One Number a week for 52 weeks)	15 00

Postage Free to all subscribers in the United States or Canada.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, N. Y.

HARPER & BROTHERS' NEW BOOKS.

I.

A LARGER HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA to the Close of President Jackson's Administration. By THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON, Author of "Young Folks' History of the United States," &c. Illustrated by Maps, Plans, Portraits, and other Engravings. pp. xii., 470. 8vo, Cloth, $3.50.

II.

THE PRINCIPLES OF EXPRESSION IN PIANO-FORTE PLAYING. By ADOLPH F. CHRISTIANI. Illustrated with Numerous Examples. pp. 304. 8vo, Cloth, $3.00.

III.

WRITINGS AND SPEECHES OF SAMUEL J. TILDEN. Edited by JOHN BIGELOW. 2 vols., pp. xviii., 1202. 8vo, Cloth, Gilt Tops and Uncut Edges, $6.00 per set.

IV.

THE BOY TRAVELLERS IN SOUTH AMERICA. Adventures of Two Youths in a Journey through Ecuador, Peru, Bolivia, Brazil, Paraguay, Argentine Republic, and Chili. With Descriptions of Patagonia and Tierra del Fuego, and Voyages upon the Amazon and La Plata Rivers. By THOMAS W. KNOX, Author of "The Boy Travellers in the Far East," &c. With Colored Frontispiece and numerous Illustrations. pp. xvi., 498. 8vo, Ornamental Cloth, $3.00.

V.

THE UNRIVALLED COOK-BOOK and Housekeeper's Guide. By Mrs. WASHINGTON. With Index and Blank Pages for additional receipts. pp. viii., 640. 12mo, Waterproof Cloth, $2.00.

VI.

CITY BALLADS. By WILL CARLETON, Author of "Farm Ballads," "Farm Legends," "Farm Festivals," "Young Folks' Centennial Rhymes," &c. Illustrated. pp. 180. Square 8vo, Ornamental Cloth, $2.00; Gilt Edges, $2.50.

VII.

HISTORY OF CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE. By HENRY C. SHELDON, Professor of Historical Theology in Boston University. 2 vols., pp. xiv., 856. 8vo, Cloth, $3.50 per set.

VIII.

PRINCIPLES OF POLITICAL ECONOMY. By SIMON NEWCOMB, LL.D., Professor of Mathematics, U. S. Navy; Professor in the Johns Hopkins University; Author of "Popular Astronomy," "The A B C of Finance," &c. pp. xvi., 548. 8vo, Cloth, $2.50.

IX.

THE BOY'S BOOK OF BATTLE-LYRICS. By THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH. Illustrated. pp. xii., 168. Square 8vo, Illuminated Cloth, $2.00.

X.

AS WE WENT MARCHING ON. A Story of the War. By G. W. HOSMER, M.D. pp. 310. 16mo, Cloth, $1.00.

HARPER'S HANDY SERIES.

LATEST ISSUES:

		CTS.
16.	UNCLE JACK, AND OTHER STORIES. By W. Besant	25
17.	MRS. KEITH'S CRIME. A Novel	25
18.	SOUVENIRS OF SOME CONTINENTS. By Archibald Forbes, LL.D	25
19.	CUT BY THE COUNTY. By M. E. Braddon	25
20.	NO MEDIUM. By Annie Thomas	25
21.	PAUL CREW'S STORY. By Alice Comyns Carr	25
22.	OLD-WORLD QUESTIONS AND NEW-WORLD ANSWERS. By Daniel Pidgeon, F.G.S., Assoc. Inst. C.E.	25
23.	IN PERIL AND PRIVATION. By James Payn. Illustrated	25
24.	THE FLOWER OF DOOM, and Other Stories. By M. Betham-Edwards	25
25.	THE LUCK OF THE DARRELLS. By James Payn	25
26.	HOUP-LA. By John Strange Winter. Ill'd	25
27.	SELF-DOOMED. By B. L. Farjeon	25
28.	MALTHUS AND HIS WORK. By James Bonar, M.A.	25
29.	THE DARK HOUSE. By G. Manville Fenn	25

HARPER'S FRANKLIN SQUARE LIBRARY.

LATEST ISSUES.

		CTS.
477.	Sylvan Holt's Daughter. By Holme Lee	20
479.	Home Influence. By Grace Aguilar	20
480.	Darien Exploring Expedition. By J. T. Headley. Illustrated	15
481.	Entangled. By E. Fairfax Byrrne	20
482.	The Salon of Madame Necker. By Vicomte d'Haussonville	20
483.	Lady Lovelace. By C. L. Pirkis	20
484.	A Coquette's Conquest. By Basil	20
485.	Lewis Arundel. By F. E. Smedley	25
486.	The Waters of Hercules. By E. D. Gerard	20
487.	The Royal Highlanders. By James Grant	20
488.	Love's Harvest. By B. L. Farjeon	20
489.	Adam Bede. By George Eliot. Illustrated	25
490.	In Sunny Lands. By William Drysdale. Illustrated	25
491.	The Courting of Mary Smith. By F. W. Robinson	20
492.	A Strange Voyage. By W. Clark Russell	20
493.	Mrs. Hollyer. A Novel. By G. M. Craik	20
494.	Babylon. By Cecil Power	20

The above works sent, carriage paid, to any part of the United States or Canada, on receipt of price.

HARPER'S CATALOGUE *sent on receipt of ten cents.*

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

Arnold Constable & Co

COSTUMES, ETC.

Choice Paris Novelties for Fall and Winter, in Suits, Dinner Dresses, Evening Toilets, Wraps, Cloaks, Jackets, &c., now open.

Broadway & 19th st.

$10 ENOUGH.
OR KEEPING HOUSE ON $10 A WEEK:
How it Was Done; How it May be Done Ag in.
A Serial with the above title by CATHERINE OWEN, will commence in **Good Housekeeping**, for November 14th. Subscribe for this Best of Family Magazines. Every yearly subscriber receives a premium. $2.50 a year. Send Ten cents for Sample Copy.
CLARK W. BRYAN & CO., Publishers,
New York Office, 111 Broadway. HOLYOKE, MASS

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT. Finest and cheapest Meat Flavoring Stock for Soups, Made Dishes, and Sauces. Annual Sale, 8,000,000 jars.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT. An invaluable tonic. "Is a success and a boon for which nations should feel grateful."—See "Medical Press," "Lancet," &c. Genuine only with the fac-simile of Baron Liebig's Signature in Blue Ink across the Label. The title "Baron Liebig" and photograph having been largely used by dealers with no connection with Baron Liebig, the public are informed that the Liebig Company alone can offer the article with Baron Liebig's guarantee of genuineness.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT. To be had of all Storekeepers, Grocers, and Chemists. Sole Agents for the United States (wholesale only), C. DAVID & CO., 9 Fenchurch Avenue, London, England.

Sold wholesale in New York by JAMES P. SMITH, PARK & TILFORD, ACKER, MERRALL, & CONDIT, McKESSON & ROBBINS, THURBER, WHYLAND, & CO., FRANCIS H. LEGGETT & CO., W. H. SCHIEFFELIN & CO.

ESTERBROOK'S STEEL PENS.

ESTERBROOK&Co
FALCON PEN

Leading Nos.: 048, 14, 130, 135, 333, 161.
For Sale by all Stationers.
THE ESTERBROOK STEEL PEN CO.,
Works: Camden, N. J. 26 John St., New York.

CLARKE'S PATENT
PYRAMID NIGHT LIGHTS
FOR BURNING IN HIS
PYRAMID NIGHT LAMPS AND
PYRAMID NURSERY LAMPS.
S. CLARKE, PATENTEE, LON: ENG: AND
EXCHANGE ALLEY, NEWARK, NEW JERSEY, USA
SOLD RETAIL AT ALL DRUG STORES.

LEA & PERRINS'

SAUCE

(THE WORCESTERSHIRE)

Imparts the most delicious taste and zest to

EXTRACT of a LETTER from a MEDICAL GENTLEMAN at Madras, to his brother at WORCESTER, May, 1851.

"Tell LEA & PERRINS' that their sauce is highly esteemed in India, and is in my opinion, the most palatable, as well as the most wholesome sauce that is made."

SOUPS,
GRAVIES,
FISH,
HOT & COLD
MEATS,
GAME,
WELSH-
RAREBITS,
&c.

SAUCE
WORCESTERSHIRE
LEA & PERRINS

Lea & Perrins

Signature is on every bottle of the genuine.

JOHN DUNCANS' SONS, N. Y.,
AGENTS FOR THE UNITED STATES.

To Embroider
CRAZY QUILTS,
Get BRAINERD & ARMSTRONG'S factory ends, called Waste Embroidery. 40 cts. will buy one ounce, which would cost One Dollar in Skeins. All good silk and beautiful colors. Designs for 100 styles of Crazy Stitches enclosed in each package. Send 40 cts. in stamps or postal note to **THE BRAINERD & ARMSTRONG SPOOL SILK CO.**, 621 Market St., Philadelphia, Pa.

LEADING HOTELS.

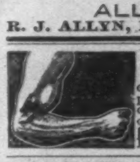
Union Square Hotel
AND
HOTEL DAM, Union Square, New York.
(EUROPEAN PLAN.)
Both hotels (connecting) are centrally located, possessing all modern and sanitary improvements, and are elegantly furnished. Restaurant and Café unexcelled. Horse cars to every section of the city pass the door.
DAM & DE REVERE, Proprietors.

GRAND HOTEL,
BROADWAY, Corner 31st St.
(EUROPEAN PLAN.) NEW YORK.
HENRY MILFORD SMITH & SON, Proprietors.

THE PLATEAU,
The New Hotel of Hot Springs, Ark.,
Recently erected and opened by
D. C. RUGG.
A thoroughly comfortable and well-ordered house. Correspondence solicited.

GALT HOUSE, Louisville, Ky.
The Largest and Finest Hotel in the City.

ALLYN HOUSE,
R. J. ALLYN, Proprietor, Hartford, Conn.



FACIAL DEVELOPMENT. Will mail you rules to develop muscles of cheeks and neck, making them plump and rosy; also rules for using dumbbells, to develop every muscle of the arms and body—all for 50 cts. **Prof. H. L. Dowd**, Home School for Physical Culture, 16 E. 14th St., N. Y.

THE BEST Are made and Imported **MUSIC BOXES**
by H. GAUTSCHI & SONS, 1030 Chestnut St. Phila.
☞ LOOK FOR OUR TRADE MARK BEFORE PURCHASING.

PHONOGRAPHY, OR PHONETIC SHORT-HAND. Catalogue of works by Benn Pitman and Jerome B. Howard, with alphabet and illustrations for beginners, sent on application. Address
PHONOGRAPHIC INSTITUTE, Cincinnati, Ohio.

HARPER'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE December Number will begin the Seventy-second Volume of HARPER'S MAGAZINE. It is the purpose of the publishers to make the volumes for the new year of unprecedented interest and importance, and they have made arrangements which justify confidence in the success of their undertaking. They respectfully invite public attention to some of the leading attractions of the forthcoming volumes.

A New Editorial Department.—The publishers have concluded an arrangement with Mr. W. D. HOWELLS by which all the new writings of that author—his novels, short stories, descriptive sketches, and dramatic pieces—will be exclusively at their disposal from the beginning of next year. Mr. HOWELLS is also to contribute monthly to HARPER'S MAGAZINE, beginning with the January Number, an editorial department having a relation to literature corresponding to that which the Editor's Easy Chair has to society. The new department will be styled the "Editor's Study." It will be purely literary in its character, as large in scope and as flexible as the Easy Chair. While it will displace the Editor's Literary Record, it will not be a review of books, but a discussion of literary topics suggested by the salient features of current literature in America and Europe. With three departments under the charge respectively of GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS, W. D. HOWELLS, and CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER, the editorial portion of HARPER'S MAGAZINE will have the strongest possible claim upon the attention of every intelligent reader.

Serial Fiction.—The two novels now in course of publication—Miss WOOLSON'S "East Angels" and Mr. HOWELLS'S "Indian Summer"—easily take the foremost place in current serial fiction. These will run through several Numbers, and, upon their completion, will be followed by stories from Mrs. DINAH MULOCK CRAIK, author of *John Halifax, Gentleman*, and R. D. BLACKMORE, author of *Lorna Doone*. The scene of Mr. BLACKMORE'S new novel, "Springhaven," which will be effectively illustrated by ALFRED PARSONS and FREDERICK BARNARD, will be laid in a rural district of England during the time of the Napoleonic wars. Mrs. CRAIK'S novel will be entitled "King Arthur; Not a Love Story."

A Novel Series.—The great literary event of the year will be the publication of a series of papers taking the shape of a story, and depicting characteristic features of American Society, written by CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER, and illustrated by C. S. REINHART, who was recalled from Paris by the publishers for this special enterprise, the materials for which have been gathered by the author and artist in a tour made for this purpose during the past summer among the principal American pleasure resorts, North and South.

American Features.—HARPER'S MAGAZINE is the product mainly of the best American writers and artists. The leading American contributors for the coming year will be, among writers, GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS, W. D. HOWELLS, CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER, CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON, T. W. HIGGINSON, R. H. STODDARD, E. P. ROE, THOMAS N. PAGE, BLANCHE WILLIS HOWARD, EDWARD EVERETT HALE, SARAH ORNE JEWETT, HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD, Dr. CHARLES WALDSTEIN, General LEW WALLACE, General GEORGE B. McCLELLAN, Dr. FRANCIS PARKMAN, GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP, JOHN HABBERTON, BRANDER MATTHEWS, H. H. BOYESEN, REBECCA HARDING DAVIS; among artists, E. A. ABBEY, C. S. REINHART, GEORGE H. BOUGHTON, A. B. FROST, HOWARD PYLE, W. T. SMEDLEY, FREDERIC DIELMAN, R. F. ZOGBAUM, WILLIAM HAMILTON GIBSON, F. D. MILLET, JESSIE SHEPHERD, ALFRED FREDERICKS, HARRY FENN, R. SWAIN GIFFORD, HENRY SANDHAM, JOSEPH PENNELL; J. W. ALEXANDER, F. S. CHURCH, and ELIHU VEDDER. While the MAGAZINE in England continues to increase in circulation, the first order for its Christmas Number being 75,000 copies, it remains the aim of its publishers and conductors not only to make it representative of what is best in American literature and art, but also to give especial attention to American subjects. The series of illustrated papers on "American Cities" will be continued. A series of interesting Southern sketches will be contributed by REBECCA HARDING DAVIS. More sketches of frontier military life by R. F. ZOGBAUM will appear during the year, with illustrations by the author; also papers on "The Blue-grass Region" and "Cumberland Mountain Folk," by JAMES LANE ALLEN, illustrated by JULIAN RIX. EDWARD EVERETT HALE will contribute papers on the early history of the Pacific coast, illustrated; T. W. HIGGINSON, some curious studies of Colonial history; and Colonel JOHN MASON BROWN and EDMUND KIRKE, illustrated sketches of "Pioneer Life" in Kentucky and Tennessee. Papers on Moose and Caribou hunting, by H. P. WELLS, illustrated, will appear during the year; also illustrated sketches of Elk and Grizzly Bear hunting, by G. O. SHIELDS.

Great American Industries.—The series of papers on "Great American Industries" will be continued, under the general charge of Mr. R. R. BOWKER. "A Lampful of Oil," by GEORGE RUTLEDGE GIBSON, to appear in the January Number, treating of the petroleum industry and its remarkable development, will be followed by papers on the production and manufacture of Sugar, Paper, Cotton, Wool, Iron, and other staple products. Especial attention will, as hitherto, be given to the ample and picturesque illustration of this series.

Papers on Art Subjects.—In a series of illustrated papers—the result of a recent extended tour of observation—Mr. RUSSELL STURGIS will consider several of the important cities of Europe with reference to the most notable and significant art treasures peculiar to each, and especially claiming the attention of all thoughtful readers and lovers of art. Among other richly illustrated articles on art subjects to appear during the year may be mentioned "The New Gallery of Tapestries in Florence;" "Ravenna and its Mosaics;" "The Art Movement in New York," by GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP; an interesting article on "Our Artist Contributors," by W. M. LAFFAN; and contributions by Dr. CHARLES WALDSTEIN.

Social Studies.—Dr. RICHARD T. ELY, the author of the article on Pullman City in the February Number, will contribute other important social studies during the coming year, treating especially of "Corporate Abuses." Other articles will also appear, bearing upon similar subjects; also important papers on educational topics.

Agricultural Topics.—Mr. E. P. ROE will prepare, under the title of "One Acre," some articles of especial interest to the owners of small country places. An article on "Short-horn Cattle" will be contributed by LEWIS F. ALLEN; also a paper concerning "Cattle Raising on the Plains," by FRANK WILKESON.

Natural History.—A paper on Orchids, by F. W. BURBIDGE, F.L.S., Keeper of the Botanical Gardens, Trinity College, Dublin, will appear in an early Number, beautifully illustrated by WILLIAM HAMILTON GIBSON and ALFRED PARSONS. Mr. F. SATTERTHWAITE will contribute a paper, entitled "Plebeian and Aristocratic Pigeons," illustrated by GIBSON; HUGH DALZIEL one on "Dogs and their Management," and Dr. W. T. GREEN another on "The Keeping of Birds," beautifully illustrated by A. F. LYDON. Other studies in Natural History will be illustrated by JAMES C. BEARD.

Other Features, Literary and Artistic.—Among other attractions for the year may be mentioned the continuation of Mr. E. A. ABBEY'S series of illustrations for "She Stoops to Conquer;" "Sketches of the Avon," by ALFRED PARSONS; illustrated papers on "The Navies of Europe," by Sir EDWARD REED; an article by Madame ADAM, consisting of personal recollections connected with her *salon* in Paris; "Christmas-tide with the Germans," by ARCHIBALD FORBES, illustrated; "Persian Sketches," by S. G. W. BENJAMIN, illustrated; "Duelling in Paris," by THEODORE CHILD, illustrated; two illustrated papers on "The Cossacks," by F. D. MILLET; an interesting description, with illustrations, of "Krupp's Gun-making Establishment at Essen," by MONCURE D. CONWAY; a timely paper on "The Militia and the Army," by General GEORGE B. McCLELLAN; a description, by AMELIA B. EDWARDS, of the recent discoveries made at Tanis under the auspices of the Egyptian Exploration Fund, illustrated; two or three illustrated sketches, entitled "A Swiss Sojourn," by W. D. HOWELLS; and Character Sketches by the author of "Marse Chan."

HARPER'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

(No. 426)

FOR NOVEMBER

CONTAINS:

"The Otter Hunt."
Frontispiece Engraving from Sir EDWIN LANDSEER'S celebrated painting, which serves as an illustration for an article in the Number entitled "An Otter Hunt in the Hebrides;"

The New York Stock Exchange.
By Dr. R. WHEATLEY. With Twenty superb Illustrations, including views of the principal rooms, and portraits of J. Edward Simmons, President, D. C. Hays, Treasurer, George W. Ely, Secretary, James Mitchell, Chairman, W. H. Vanderbilt, Jay Gould, Russell Sage, Cyrus W. Field, Addison Cammack, Brayton Ives, W. E. Connor, C. J. Osborne, S. V. White, and Jacob Little;

An Indian Journey.
An Autumn Sketch of the Plymouth Coast, Massachusetts. By LUCY C. LILLIE. Illustrated by Mr. and Mrs. R. SWAIN GIFFORD;

Guatemala.
By O. J. VICTOR. Illustrated by P. FRENZENY;

The Familistère at Guise, France,
With especial reference to the recent co-operative features of the enterprise. By EDWARD HOWLAND. With a Portrait of M. Godin, the Founder;

She Stoops to Conquer.
Conclusion of Act II. With Six Illustrations by E. A. ABBEY;

The Defence of Our Sea-ports.
By HENRY P. WELLS. Illustrated;

An Art Study.
With an outline Sketch of Murillo's original (painted) Design for his "St. Elizabeth of Hungary," and a full-page Engraving by W. B. CLOSSON of the finished Masterpiece;

Summer's Decay.
A Poem. By NORA PERRY. With full-page Illustration by C. Y. TURNER;

Serial Novels:
INDIAN SUMMER. Part V. By W. D. HOWELLS;
EAST ANGELS. Part XI. By CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON;

Short Stories:
THE CAPTAIN OF THE "HEATHER BELL." By HELEN HUNT JACKSON;
THE SINGULAR CASE OF SAMUEL SPOOLIN. By F. ANSTEY, Author of "Vice Versa." Illustrated by C. S. REINHART;

Some Recollections of Lord Houghton.
By the Hon. JOHN BIGELOW.

Poems.
By FRANCES L. MACE and LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

Editor's Easy Chair.

Editor's Literary Record.

Editor's Historical Record.

Editor's Drawer.

Subscription Price per Year, $4.00.

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.